

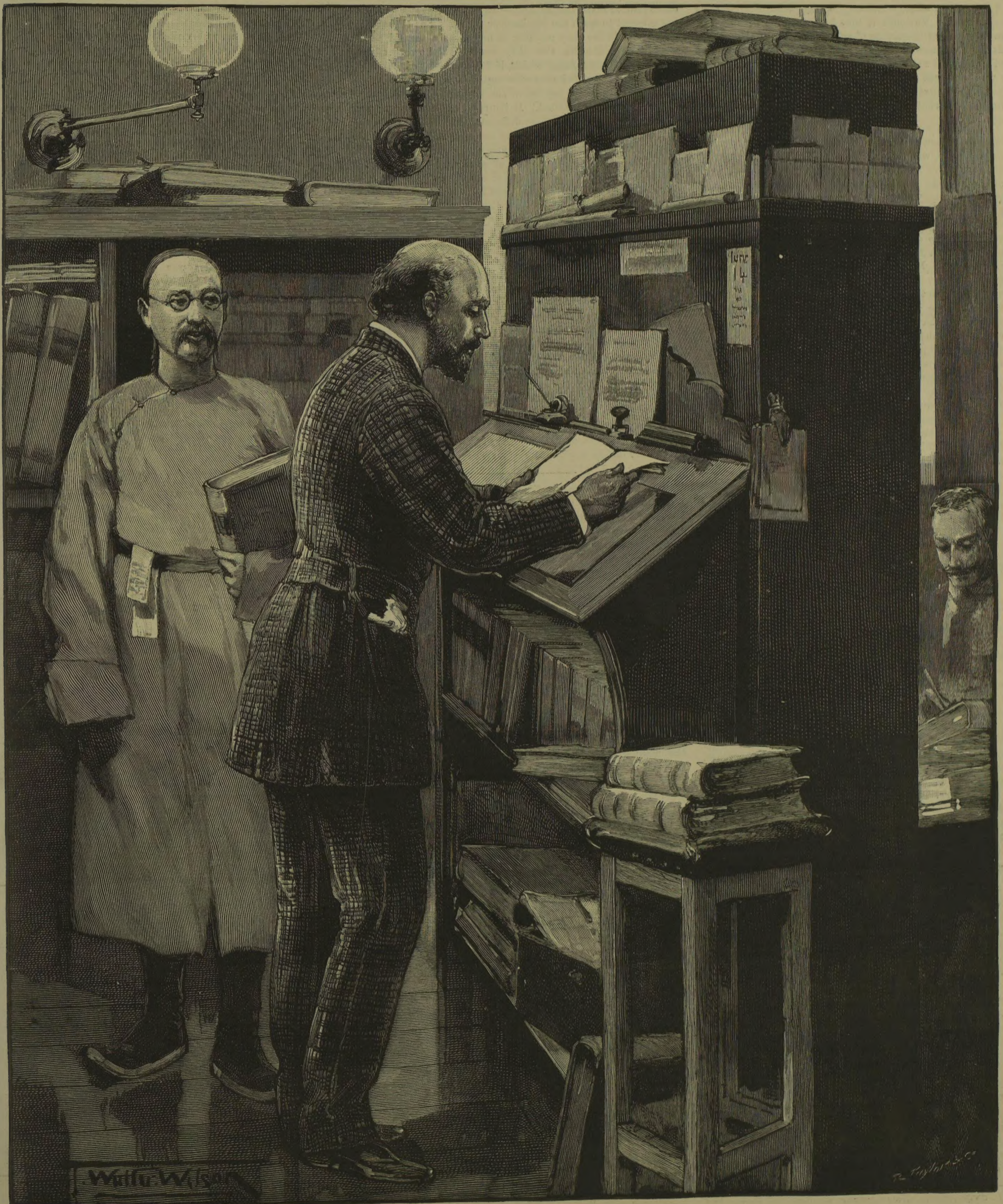
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1891.

TWO {SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6½d.



SIR ROBERT HART, G.C.M.G., INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF CHINESE CUSTOMS, IN HIS "DEN" AT PEKIN.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

If those rare and admirable friends who send us grouse or other game at this season would be so good as to add a half-penny postcard to their larger benefaction, it would be a great relief to one's feelings. Though gratitude is described as the hope of favours to come, there is no reason why it should be unexpressed. It is true that on the box is generally nailed, on a card, the name and address of the donor; but when the recipient is from home that card only too often gets mislaid when the present is sent on, and then who is to tell from whom it has originally come? Some people, under such circumstances, write circulars to all their grouse-bearing friends to inquire to which particular one they are indebted. "As I know of no one so likely as your excellent self to have forwarded me so many grouse"—it is not, of course, "so many" in the circular, which would sound discouraging, but the actual number—"I take it for granted that they have come from your generous hand." But in case they have not, and there are ten chances to one against it, this cannot but have an embarrassing effect upon those whose kindness has been what Jerrold calls "unremitting." No doubt it may have the pleasant effect of reminding them of the claims of friendship, but upon sensitive minds the broadness of the hint may possibly jar a little. On the other hand, if nothing is said to anybody, the noble sportsman who has sent us the grouse, and received no acknowledgment, is naturally displeased, and—I do not say "what is worse," but what is certainly undesirable—he never sends us any more.

There have been some amusing letters in the papers against tea in the train, which is depicted as an operation of great danger; but there is also danger in taking tea on a railway journey out of the train. If you travelled by the Cornwall express, for example, and tried it, as I did at a certain Devonshire junction, you would risk many things—such as scalding your mouth, losing your reputation for honesty, and being left behind. The time allowed is barely ten minutes, which even the proverbial civility of railway guards cannot (and very properly) extend. In the case of ladies and invalids, to whom this meal is almost a necessity, this is rather sharp work, and one would imagine that some arrangement might be made for letting them have it in their carriage. If the refreshment purveyor is short-handed, he might at least permit the gentlemen of the party to bring their tea. Not a cup, however—even if a deposit of the possible value of the rare china and costly spoon is offered—is permitted to leave the tea-room. Scores of thirsty passengers surround the inhospitable board, all clamouring for that which does not inebriate, but (like ginger) is "hot i' the mouth." Dreadful cries of "You have not paid!" and "No, you don't!" (to the husband who wishes to carry a cup to his sick wife without) give a variety (which is not charming) to this genial meal. Who can wonder if some prudent souls, with foreknowledge of this wild hour, provide themselves with a spirit-lamp and make themselves independent of such tender mercies? The last time I beheld this scene, some six weeks ago, there was a clergyman in it, who used the thunders of the Church with pardonable vigour, but with the ill success that nowadays only too often attends its anathemas. Such arrangements, as he very wisely observed, drive a man, and much more a woman, to brandy-and-soda which is, perhaps, their object.

Tea in the train, however dangerous, is, at all events, something to pass the time, an object much to be desired on long railway journeys. Playing cards with strangers is always a little risky, and sixpenny editions of standard works, however elevating, are trying to the eyes at fifty miles an hour. In the old coaching days there was "travelling piquet." The winner was he who could first count a hundred objects by the way: men and women counted one apiece; a flock of sheep was ten, and three magpies or a dead donkey were game at once. The fun lay, especially at night, in evolving objects for oneself; making people put their heads out of window, for example, by crying "Fire!" When you were at a high number, and called out "sixty-seven" or "sixty-eight" (at the same time pointing with the finger), it made some people thus indicated quite angry. The drawback to the game was that you had to look on both sides of the coach for fear your adversary might be counting non-existent objects, "making the thing that is not as the thing that is." In railway travel this check upon the imagination is not practicable; we go too fast to ensure fair play.

A new employment has been discovered for ladies, exceedingly appropriate for young and lovely ones, but which seems to be wanting in permanency—namely, violet-farming. In every city there is a universal demand for these flowers, and heretofore they have not been cultivated on a large scale. One hopes, now that this is going to be the case, that the "untradesmanlike practice," often to be met with in our streets, of selling us dog-violets for real ones will not be resorted to. A violet that has no odour is an imposition of an especially objectionable nature. It is like a seaside resort which has no "smell of the sea," or orange marmalade palmed upon us for apricot jam. One cannot but wish well to the new industry, but it strikes one as likely to be a short-lived one. How long does the violet bloom? The gentleman whose calling was that of "making glasses for eclipse times" used to complain of the brevity of his season.

Among the pleasant proofs of the *entente cordiale* is the international exchange of paragraphs during the holiday season. A young cowherd in Devonshire was described, the other day, as having fallen a victim to an uncontrollable impulse for making a cravat of a cow's tail, and coming to grief in consequence. Now a young shepherd of Privas has been seized with the same unfortunate idea, and he, too, has been dragged at a cow's heels, like Hector at the chariot-

wheels of Achilles. When one considers how difficult it is to tie cravats of any kind—many of us being therefore compelled to buy them ready-made—the story of two uncultured young persons accomplishing this feat with such unpromising materials seems a little "steep" even for the holidays.

The cruelty inflicted in educational establishments on lads below the intellectual average is very properly dwelt upon in a recent number of the *Hospital*; but even mental inferiority is not the cause of such suffering as the natural incapability of many lads to "tackle" the subjects they are set to study, and which has nothing to do with general incompetence. If a boy goes to a music class, and it is found that his ear is defective, his work in that direction is not pursued. It is at once admitted that, whatever abilities he may possess for other things, he will never make a musician. The gift of languages is little less exclusive, and yet every boy is expected to do his tale of work in Greek and Latin, French and German. This may be very easy to even a dull boy, and very difficult to a clever one; indeed, perhaps the cleverest boys, strange as it may sound, have the greatest natural incapacity for it. The endeavour to make them scholars is as futile and as cruel as the attempt to wash the blackamoor white. For the average boy, such studies may possibly be useful as a mental trellis-work, though the idea that they teach him "how to educate himself" is a mere fancy which, if it were not "educational," and therefore elevated above the region of ridicule, we should call a fad; but to the boy below the average, and also above it, they are cruelly unsuited. It is urged, and very justly, that in a great public school these differences of intelligence cannot be provided for, and that is why the system there pursued is suitable to the average boy and not to the others. When he enters into real life, some sort of attention, whenever it is possible, is paid to his intellectual endowments, or the want of them; but at school (as in boots for the Army) there is no allowance made for misfits.

The gradual disappearance of finger-posts and milestones must be very inconvenient to the "respectable" persons who still drive about in gigs; but most of us now travel by railway, and will, I fear, regard it with philosophy. The explanation of the matter is that the people in the locality who have the repair of these landmarks in hand are the last persons who see the necessity for their existence. They know their way about Crackskull Common at midnight, and even if they are drunk their sagacious Dobbin takes the right turning at the cross-roads to their sweet Auburn. Only strangers and pilgrims require finger-posts, and it is they who should pay for their support; indeed, the absence of them puts many a pretty penny into the pockets of the rustic guide, and thereby advantages the neighbourhood. A money-box might, however be placed at the church-doors for the voluntary offerings of cyclists and adventurers in phaetons, the contents of which could be applied to the purpose in question.

When a novelist endows his burglar with higher intellectual attributes than are necessary for the employment of a few inches of black crape and a jemmy, the critics exclaim "This is unnatural!" If he dare to make him calculate the distance between his haunt and the object he covets, as in the case of a jeweller's or a banker's strong-room, and silently use spade or pickaxe, and work like a mole (and generally in moleskin) after his ends, the writer is denounced as melodramatic. Yet this actual thing has happened over and over again. The system has even been transferred to the Colonies, and a very creditable specimen of it (from the dramatic point of view) has lately taken place at Kimberley. The bank was carefully locked up as usual, and on the following morning it was found that the safe and tellers' bins had been forced open and bags of silver—such small deer not being worth capture—lay on the floor. "A hole sufficiently large to admit of a man crawling through had been made in the back wall of the strong-room." Entrance had been effected by tunnelling from the operator's house into the main drain. What adds to the theatrical effect, it was shown that this enterprising individual had for a long time been watching the proceedings of the bank clerks through his spy-hole, and been under the bank floor an entire day! When a poor storyteller dares to describe such things before they happen he is greeted with incredulous howls; if afterwards, he is a miserable plagiarist.

Mr. Walter Besant can hardly be accused of making light of his profession, yet he asserts that authors cannot speak in public. There are exceptions of course, but, as a rule, they are dumb dogs; their bark is worse than their bite, for they have none at all. When they are on their hind-legs (again like dogs) they are always uncomfortable. "A morbid desire for being original" prevents them from saying "This is the proudest moment of my life," and nothing else occurs to them to say. Mr. Besant charitably believes that this arises from their not taking the trouble to study the art of elocution; but journalists (who generally possess the gift in question) rudely ascribe it to incapacity. The fact is, some people have ready money in their pockets, and others have none, but can draw a cheque—if you give them time and let them sit down to write it. Curiously enough, however, the true reason for the silence of our authors at public meetings has escaped both their friends and foes: it is modesty.

Next to this bashful coyness is the want of practice (since nobody except his publisher—and he by no means always—thinks of drinking an author's "health"), and Fox himself tells us it was only practice that made him an orator. "During five whole sessions," he says, "I spoke every night but one, and only regret I didn't speak that night." The first Marquis of Lansdowne, who had as much experience of public speaking as most men, had also no very high-flown ideas of that art, for he told Tom Moore, who complained of its commonplaces, that

they were necessary. "One must have them ready cut and dry to bring them in on those occasions when one doesn't know what to say next, but in the meantime must say something." This seems to explain a good deal.

The same deficiency in oratorical gifts appears to have clung to the authors of old. The literary gentleman who, conscious of his incapacity in this line, used to address his cabbages as "gentlemen" is a well-known example of it. He became a great speaker in the vegetable world, but upon addressing his fellow-creatures all his practice in it went for nothing. He could conceive his cabbages to be men, but could not conceive men as cabbages. Among the ancients there was, however, more assistance vouchsafed to the halting tongue. We are told that Gracchus always had a man to "accompany" his speeches on the flageolet, who roused him when his utterance became languid, and moderated him when he roared. This experiment could be tried at the next Authors' Dinner.

HOME NEWS.

According to *Truth*, the Queen is to stay at Balmoral until the third week in November, when the Court will remove to Windsor Castle for a month, after which her Majesty goes to Osborne until the end of February.

The Queen drove to Abergeldie on Sept. 11, accompanied by Princess Louise, and visited their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who had just arrived there. The Empress Eugénie, attended by Madame d'Arcos, visited the Queen the same day. Divine service was conducted at the castle on Sunday, Sept. 13, by the Rev. Professor Story, D.D., in the presence of the Queen, the royal family, and the royal household. On Sept. 15 the Queen, accompanied by Princess Leiningen, with the Dowager Lady Churchill in waiting, drove through Braemar on a visit to Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, at Mar Lodge. After tea, Madame Albani was visited at Old Mar Lodge before the Queen returned to Braemar.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Colonel Clarke, arrived at Sandringham House on Sept. 11. On Sunday, the 13th, the Prince attended service at the church of St. Mary Magdalene in the park, the gentlemen of the household being also present.

The Prince is to be the guest of Sir Henry James at Shoreham Place, near Sevenoaks, for a day or two in the course of the shooting season.

The Prince of Wales was present at the marriage on Sept. 15, at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, of the Earl of Dudley with Miss Rachel Gurney, and afterwards at the wedding breakfast given by the Duke and Duchess of Bedford at their residence in Chesham Place.

Princess Maud of Wales arrived in Paris on Sept. 14 from Vichy. She will go to Copenhagen, and from there to the Castle of Fredensborg.

Mrs. Grimwood, the heroine of Manipur, who has been staying for some time at Dalgety Castle, Turiff, Aberdeenshire, journeyed to Balmoral on Sept. 14 on a visit to the Queen.

The enthronement of Dr. Maclagan as Archbishop of York was performed in the Minster on Sept. 15. All parts of the Northern Province were represented at the gathering. In his address the Archbishop, referring to the onerous duties of his office, said that, as he was a Bishop before an Archbishop, his chief responsibility would be the spiritual oversight of the souls committed to his charge. He especially mentioned the strong claims of Evangelistic work in the villages. The Bishops of Wakefield, Beverley, and Hull, the Duke of Cambridge, and some three hundred diocesan and provincial clergy were present. After the ceremony, addresses of welcome were presented by the Corporation, as well as by the Dean and Chapter of York.

On Sept. 15 Mr. W. H. Smith was rowed off from Walmer Castle to his steam-yacht Pandora, and went for a short cruise through the Downs, the yacht flying the Cinque Ports flag. Mr. Smith shows some improvement in his health, but his progress towards recovery is very slow.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone attended Divine service at Hawarden Church on Sunday, Sept. 13. A large number of excursionists were present in anticipation of hearing Mr. Gladstone read the lessons; but in this they were disappointed. The right hon. gentleman is expected to go to Scotland in a few days. During his stay in the North he will be the guest of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman at Belmont Castle, Perthshire, and of his nephew, Sir John Gladstone, at Fasque House, Kincardineshire.

A sad accident occurred on the River Foyle two miles from Londonderry on the night of Sept. 11. Mr. Graeme Hunter, of Glasgow, an agent of the Shipping Federation, went, with twenty-three men and his two children, down the river for an excursion in a steam-launch. At about eight o'clock in the evening, the launch came into collision at a narrow part of the river with the steamer Albatross and shortly afterwards sank. Fifteen of the men and one of Mr. Hunter's children were drowned. Herbert Smith, of Belfast, who saved Mr. Hunter's little daughter, relates how, while struggling in the water, some men were striving to cling to him, when one shouted, "Keep back, men! Don't you see he has got a child?" Then they left him.

A curious case of fanatical logic was recently tried before the London Recorder. Two men were found guilty of breaking a window in the City belonging to the well-known firm of J. W. Benson, at Ludgate Hill, not for the sake of robbery, but in order to protest against social conditions. Bruce, one of the men convicted, made a long speech in defence, declaring that he was out of work through no fault of his own, and asked why, if the State gave him no opportunity of employment, it should interfere with his obtaining bread; but at the same time he admitted that his action would not in any way help him, and was really a desperate remedy for the purpose of calling attention to his troubles. The Recorder sentenced him to six months' hard labour.

The autumn manoeuvres in this country have been carried on with a considerable measure of success in Hampshire, under the superintendence of Sir Evelyn Wood. The principal fight occurred on Sept. 14, when there was an attempt made to carry the position of Old Winchester Hill. The forces have been divided into two armies, one of which was supposed to be an invading column and the other British troops on the defensive. In the battle of Sept. 14 the British forces were beaten and compelled to retreat. Some complaints have arisen as to the health of the soldiers, who have suffered a good deal owing to the new boots which have been issued to them, and also from the extreme heat, varied with cold and drenching rains. A rather large sick-list has been reported, and, though the cases are not serious, the efficiency of a good many regiments has been somewhat impaired.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

SIR ROBERT HART AT PEKIN.

It was Sir Robert's "At Home" day, for every Wednesday afternoon the Inspector-General of Chinese Customs receives his friends in the garden surrounding his house, where they can enjoy lawn-tennis and dancing. This is the only day of the week on which he is visible, except on actual business. He invited me to stay to dinner, and I was glad of the chance of a quiet talk with him. Sir Robert, who was born in Belfast in 1834, joined her Majesty's Consular Service in Hong-Kong in 1854; and the following is his own account of his career—

"After I had been in the Consular Service five years, I was invited to join the Chinese Customs. This was shortly after Lord Elgin's treaty, when certain ports were to be opened to Europeans. Something inspired me to accept the offer; one thing led to another, and in 1861 I was made Acting Inspector-General, in the place of Mr. Lay, who was going home on leave for two years. A few months after his return to China he was compelled to resign, and I was appointed Inspector-General in his stead. So, in four years I had risen to the highest post in the service. In those days the position was not nearly so important as it is now, for the Chinese Customs Service was in its infancy. It has since grown to such huge dimensions that the work it entails is something incredible. In 1861 there were only three ports open to Europeans, whereas there are now thirty; the ramifications of the system extend as far south as Tonkin, and in the north to Corea. Over 700 Europeans and 3000 Chinamen, of all classes, are employed in the land service alone. The entire coast-line is guarded by twenty armed cruisers of the very latest types, built in England, most of them by Armstrong. These cruisers are commanded by Europeans and manned by Chinese. There is, besides, quite a flotilla of armed steam-launches used in the various harbours. The light-houses along the coast are also under my jurisdiction. Each port has its European commissioner, who has acting under him a Chinese official and staff of assistants, European and otherwise."

"How do you admit Europeans into the service?" I asked: "have you a competitive examination, or are special qualifications necessary?"

"Well, it is very seldom there is a vacancy," replied Sir Robert, "but when there is, there are so many candidates on the waiting list that my agent in London has a sort of examination held; but, of course, a man with some knowledge, however slight, of Chinese has the best chance of getting on."

"But how is all this supported?" I naturally asked, though aware that the Chinese Government got a splendid revenue out of the Customs Service.

"The Chinese Government," replied Sir Robert, "allows about £400,000 a year for the support of the service. This is absolutely under my control; also the appointment or dismissal of all officials. The Chinese Customs are assuming bigger proportions every year, and are an ever-increasing source of revenue to the State. The great mistake that foreigners make with regard to China is to imagine that she is in want of extraneous pecuniary assistance—that she is bordering on a state of insolvency. Nothing could be more erroneous; it is rather the other way. If the Chinese moneyed men only trusted their own Government a little more, China would undoubtedly soon be in the position of being able to lend money to other countries. Putting this aside, China is not trying, nor has she ever been trying, to borrow money, though many German, French, and other syndicates have been doing their utmost to lend her some."

I could not help remarking that this was a very enviable position for a country to be in.

"Besides," continued Sir Robert, "the system of such loans is contrary to Chinese ideas; for a Chinaman prefers a short loan at a high rate of interest to a long one at a low rate. I have been much amused, knowing what I do, to hear of agents of syndicates stopping in Pekin for months at a time on the chance of floating a loan. In several cases, in their anxiety to do business, they were on the point of doing so with the wrong people. After all, the Chinamen are no better than they ought to be; and as it takes so little to make the average European believe that every well-dressed Celestial is an official mandarin, they often took advantage of this simplicity of the Western barbarian. There were some extraordinary cases, a few years ago, of people being introduced to one of these agents as the Grand Chamberlain of the Court, or some other high dignitary, empowered to negotiate a loan. They were absolutely nothing of the sort, but were perhaps connected with officialism in the remotest and obscurest way. In some instances, however, though not what they pretended to be, the agents were actually connected with the big officials. This was proved by the fact of the Government, though not recognising the loan thus obtained officially, still assuming to a certain extent the responsibility of it, as it had been used partially for official purposes. Very little, however, has transpired of these curious transactions."

"As it has been with loans, so it is with railways. Undoubtedly China will one day have her railways, but though she has for years past been pestered with offers by foreign capitalists to help her start them, so far the reply has always been that when the time comes the engineers, the capital, all that is needful, will be found by China—a strong hint, which has not, however, been taken, that no foreigners need apply. Of one thing I feel convinced," continued Sir Robert, "that China, though certainly very many years behind-hand, is undoubtedly going ahead—advancing slowly, it is true, but still advancing, and every step she takes forward is a certain one. In spite of sarcasm and adverse criticism she adheres to her slow steady pace, and, so far, has never receded a single step. As compared with Japan, she reminds me always of the old adage of the hare and the tortoise."

Having finished our coffee we rose from the table and had a stroll through the suite of rooms in which Sir Robert dwells in solitary grandeur. There was a striking absence of the "curios" which one would have expected to find in the quarters of a man who had passed so many years in the "far East." Beyond his work Sir Robert had evidently but few hobbies. In one corner of the drawing-room was a large table covered with the Christmas cards which my host received last year from his many friends all over the world. Sir Robert's office—or, rather, his "den," as he called it—was very characteristic of the man, for here he spends the greater part of his day. He never sits down to write, but always stands at the tall desk in the centre of the room. "The air of Pekin," he added with a smile, "has a very somniferous effect, and I feel sure

I should instantly fall asleep if I were to sit down to my work of an afternoon."

Leading out of the "den" was a room which Sir Robert told me he uses as his audience-chamber, where he receives all Chinese officials. The place was furnished in a sort of semi-Chinese fashion, with the indispensable raised platform for sitting, and the usual small table. I remarked that I had often heard how difficult foreigners usually found it to get on with the Chinese mandarins of high rank. "Well," replied Sir Robert, "owing to the favour of the Emperor, there are few with whom I am brought in contact who hold a higher rank than my own; for I am the happy possessor of almost all the distinctions, a Red Button of the First Class, a Peacock's Feather, and the First Class of the Second Division of the Double Dragon. But the honour recently bestowed upon me is the highest that it is possible to confer on even a most distinguished Chinese subject: my family was ennobled by Imperial decree, to three generations back—that is to say, 'Ancestral rank of the first class of the first order, for three generations, with letters patent.' The value of this decree may be estimated from the fact that at the same time the Emperor ennobled his own grandmother in like fashion, she having been an inferior wife of the Emperor Taou Kwang, in whose reign took place the first opium war." Sir Robert is also a Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, and a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour.

PEKIN, JUNE 17, 1891.

JULIUS M. PRICE.

THE DUKE OF FIFE AND FAMILY.

Our Illustration of the Duke and Duchess of Fife and their infant daughter is from a new photograph by Messrs. Downey. The Duke of Fife, it will be remembered, married Princess Louise of Wales on July 27, 1889. Their child was born on May 17, 1891, and was christened in the Chapel Royal, St.



From a photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE AND THEIR BABY.

James's Palace, on June 29, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, her Majesty the Queen being present, and the Prince and Princess of Wales acting as joint sponsors for their grandchild. The child received the names of Alexandra Victoria Alberta Edwina Louise, and is to be known as Lady Alexandra Duff.

THE LONDON POLICE MAGISTRATES.

The death of Mr. William Partridge, one of the metropolitan police-magistrates, has too soon followed his retirement, as he last presided at the Marylebone police-court on Aug. 29, after sending in his resignation. He was born in 1818, was educated at Winchester School and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his M.A. degree, was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple, and practised on the Home Circuit and on the Oxford Circuit; was appointed, in 1860, stipendiary magistrate for Wolverhampton, and in 1863 became one of the London police-magistrates, sitting first at the Thames police-court, afterwards at Southwark, Westminster, Lambeth, and Marylebone.

The newly appointed metropolitan police-magistrate, Mr. John Rose, who was called to the Bar in 1868, has been a member of the Oxford Circuit, Recorder of Hanley, and a revising barrister; he is a bencher of Gray's Inn.

THE ANTI-EUROPEAN RIOTS IN CHINA.

The situation in China seems to be getting worse. Confirmation has been received from various independent sources of the Ichang massacres, and a vessel has been chartered by the British Government to proceed up the Yang-tze-Kiang to Ichang with a number of men and arms for the protection of Europeans. The chartering of this steamer was rendered necessary because owing to the low water in the Yang-tze-Kiang the gun-boats dispatched to Ichang found it impossible to go up the river. Sir John Walsham, the British Minister at Pekin, has sent a vigorous protest to the Tsung-li-Yamun, complaining of the dilatoriness of the Chinese Government, and asking why

the rioters had not been punished. To that protest the Chinese Government sent an unsatisfactory answer, and it is believed that energetic action will have to be taken. In the meantime, a missionary, Mr. Greig, has been attacked at Newchang. At Ichang, all the European buildings, except the British Consulate, were destroyed. We present Illustrations, not of the actual riots, which are telegraph news as yet, but of places on the Yang-tze-Kiang; one of the foreign settlements, with a French monastery recently destroyed by the mob; a house-boat used by the missionaries; a mission-school, where reading is taught to all children, while the girls learn sewing, in contrast with which the "Chinese baby-tower" sadly reminds us of the common native practice of infanticide; also, in North China, the ruins of the Roman Catholic cathedral at Tien-tsin, burnt on the day of the massacre of 1871, a year after which date our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, had a view of the remains.

EARTHQUAKE IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

The smallest in extent, and the least frequently involved in transactions with European financial or diplomatic agencies, of the Central American and semi-Spanish Republics, San Salvador is most renowned for its tremendous earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. It occupies a little space on the Pacific Ocean coast, from Guatemala, on its western frontier, to the Bay of Fonseca, and borders on Honduras to the north and east. Seaward, it has a coast of moderate elevation, with a strip of fertile soil intersected by the Rio Lempa and the Rio Sumpul, and with lovely valleys, behind which rises a mountain ridge containing eleven conical peaks that are burning volcanoes. The city of San Salvador, the capital of this little State, on the sea-coast, has been thrice destroyed, or partly destroyed, within our remembrance, either by earthquakes or by eruptions of the neighbouring Mount Izalco—namely, on April 16, 1854, on May 19 in 1869, and again in March 1873. We now learn, once more, that on Sept. 9, after several days' volcanic activity of the craters of San Miguel and Izalco, with deep subterranean rumblings and earth-tremblings, the inland country was devastated by a terrific earthquake, which levelled to the ground a number of towns, including Analquito and Comasagua. Hundreds of people have been killed, and the amount of property destroyed is enormous. The towns in the country, on this occasion, suffered more than the capital. The country is, on the whole, thickly populated, with 435,000 inhabitants, of whom only 10,000 are pure whites, and at least half the people are of the native Indian race.

HOP-PICKERS STARTING FROM LONDON.

A correct description of hop-culture and hop-picking, as practised in the district of Farnham, Surrey, accompanied two Illustrations published last week. The Kentish hop-gardens attract, in September, large numbers of poor London people, desirous to combine the earning of some money, by unskilled labour, with the pleasure and healthful change of a rural excursion. South-Eastern cheap railway trains convey them at night, for two shillings (third class, of course), to many places in that fair and pleasant country. They are deposited either at Tunbridge or at Strood, or in the Maidstone neighbourhood, at Yalding, Watlington, Paddock Wood, Aylesford, or Snodland, the same fare to different stations. The ticket-office at London Bridge Station opens at midnight; hundreds assemble in the preceding two hours. Many children are among the men and women. Tricks have been attempted to get them taken without paying their fare; small boys have been put into sacks and carried as bedding; to detect this, all large bundles are probed with a pin. It is an amusing scene, but the crowd is excitable; and to fortify the station, in case of any violence, the window-shutters are put up. A large strip of canvas is also stretched along the front, as a shield against hostile missiles.

THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.

The following is a translation of an appeal which Baron Hirsch has issued to his co-religionists in Russia—

"To my co-religionists in Russia,—You know that I am endeavouring to better your lot. It is, therefore, my duty to speak plainly to you and to tell you that which it is necessary you should know.

"I am aware of the reasons which oblige many of you to emigrate, and I will gladly do all in my power to assist you in your hour of distress. But you must make this possible for me. Your emigration must not resemble a headlong, reckless flight, by which the endeavour to escape from one danger ends in destruction.

"You know that properly organised committees are shortly to be established in Russia with the consent and under the supervision of the Imperial Russian Government. The duty of these committees will be to organise the emigration in a business-like way. All persons desirous of emigrating will have to apply to the local committees, who alone will be authorised to give you the necessary facilities.

"Only those persons who have been selected by the committees can have the advantage of the assistance of myself and of those who are working with me. Anyone who leaves the country without the concurrence of the committees will do so at his own risk, and must not count on any aid from me.

"It is obvious that in the beginning the number of emigrants cannot be large; for not only must places of refuge be found for those who first depart, but necessary preparations be made for those who follow. Later on the emigration will be able to assume larger proportions.

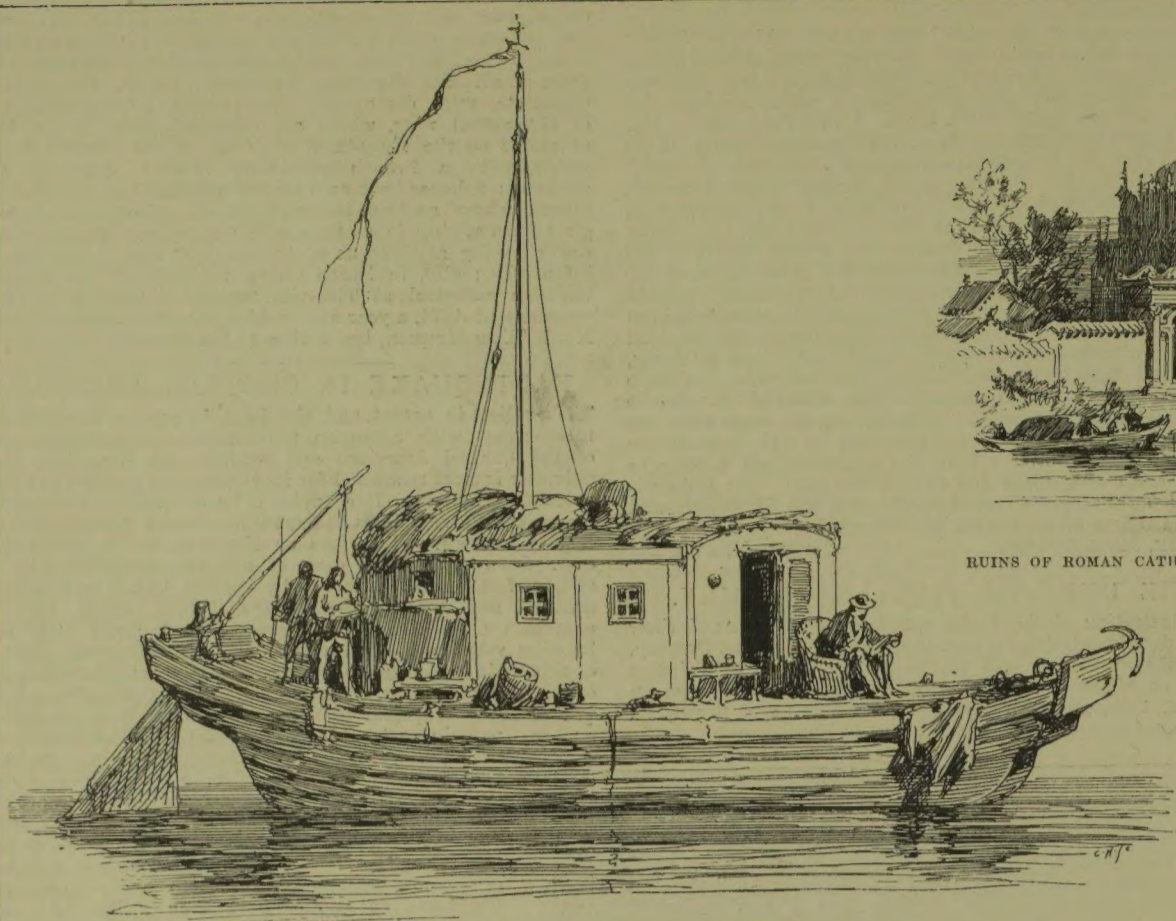
"Remember that I can do nothing for you without the benevolent and gracious support of the Imperial Russian Government.

"In conclusion, I appeal to you. You are the inheritors of your fathers, who for centuries have suffered so much. Bear this inheritance yet awhile with equal resignation.

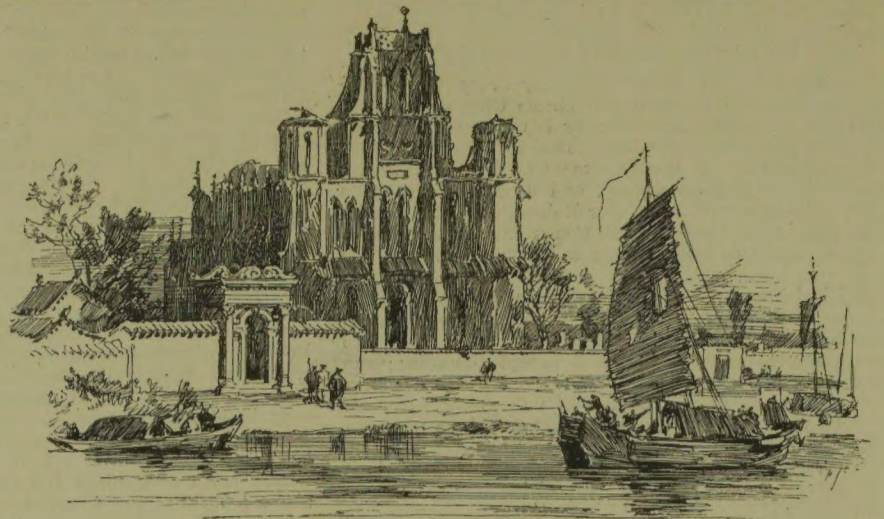
"Have also further patience, and thus render it possible for those to help you who are anxious to do so.

"I send you these words of warning and of encouragement in my own name and in the name of thousands of your co-religionists. Take them to heart and understand them.

"May the good God help you and me, and also the many who work with us for your benefit with so much devotion."



A HOUSE-BOAT, USED BY MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.



RUINS OF ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL: SCENE OF THE TIEN-TSIN MASSACRE IN 1871.



WUHU, ON THE YANG-TZE RIVER, FOREIGN SETTLEMENT WITH MONASTERY RECENTLY DESTROYED BY CHINESE MOB.



TEACHING TO READ IN A MISSIONARY SCHOOL.

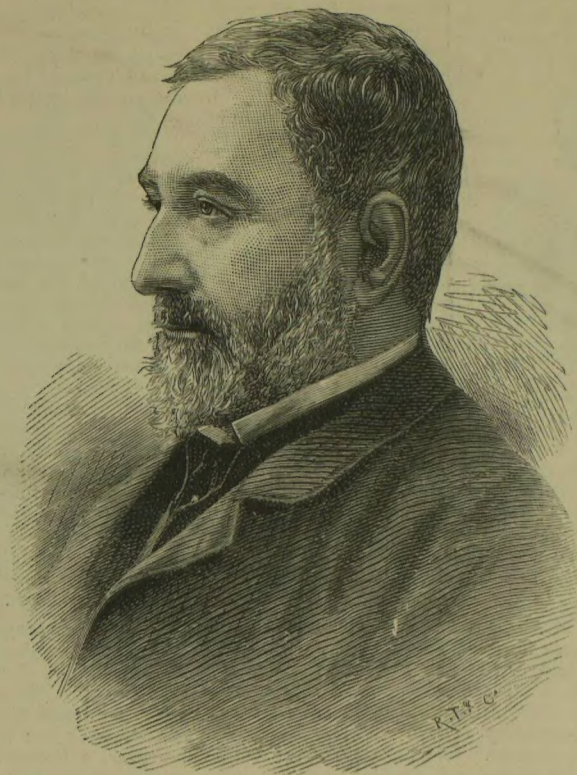
THE ANTI-EUROPEAN RIOTS IN CHINA: SKETCHES FROM THE MISSIONARY SETTLEMENTS.



HOP-PICKERS STARTING FROM LONDON BRIDGE RAILWAY STATION AT MIDNIGHT.



MR. JOHN ROSE,
THE NEW LONDON POLICE MAGISTRATE.



THE LATE MR. WILLIAM PARTRIDGE,
LONDON POLICE MAGISTRATE.

AUTUMN MANŒUVRES IN HAMPSHIRE.

During some days, from Thursday, Sept. 10, a tract of ground seven miles long, east to west, and half that breadth, between Petersfield, on the direct London and Portsmouth Railway and Bishop's Waltham, was the scene of mimic warfare directed by Lieutenant-General Sir Evelyn Wood, whose headquarters were at West Meon. The troops assembled, two thirds of them from his command at Aldershot, were sixteen battalions of infantry, six batteries of field artillery, two squadrons of cavalry, and two field companies of Royal Engineers, formed into two opposing infantry divisions of equal strength. The 1st Division was under the command of Major-General C. Mansfield Clarke; Major-General Lord William Seymour commanded the 2nd Division. General Clarke's brigadiers were Major-General J. P. Carr Glyn and Colonel the Hon. G. P. Villiers, of the Grenadier Guards. The brigadiers of the 2nd Division were Major-General C. F. Gregorie, and

the commandant of the Staff College, Brigadier-General Clery.

The plan of campaign was that the force under Lord William Seymour (who is military commander of the South-eastern District) should represent a foreign invader of England; the British army of defence was to be that of General Clarke. The former, advancing from the east, was encamped, in the first days, at East Meon, while the latter was posted near Soberton. The manœuvring ground is well adapted for working out tactical problems, comprising several ranges of high hills (Read Down, Head Down, War Down, and Butser Hill), separated by deep valleys, Hydon Wood, and some copses, a lofty ridge extending three miles due west, and undulating ground beyond. The road from West Meon along the high ridge to Butser Hill, and on to the south-east, dividing the whole ground diagonally, was reserved, with a space on each side of it, as a neutral zone, not to be crossed by the combatants except in action.

Our Special Artist, on the first day, accompanied the Argyll

and Sutherland Highlanders, belonging to the reserve brigade of Lord William Seymour's force, and witnessed the conflict in a final stand on Tegdown Hill and Hydon Hill, this force having been checked and pushed back, at an earlier hour, by General Gregorie's brigade. The use of the new magazine-rifle, and of smokeless powder, gave a novel character to this engagement. "In the final struggle," he writes, "the rattle of musketry struck a higher and sharper key, as the fire from the magazine-rifles was developed, while the sharp metallic clang of the field-guns, caused by the smokeless powder, was a distinct and peculiar sound. At length, down came the lads of the Argyll and Sutherland regiment, in support of their comrades hard at it in the trenches; down the hill they came cheering, and over the rough ground they bent at the 'double' to engage the foe at close quarters. This was the prettiest episode in the fight; soon after a trumpet call was heard between the fighting lines to 'cease fire,' and all was still."



THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES IN HAMPSHIRE: ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS GOING INTO ACTION.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Henry Bond Bowlby, Bishop-elect of Coventry, is no longer a young man, for he was born as long ago as 1823,



THE REV. H. B. BOWLBY,
Bishop-elect of Coventry.

but he still commands the mental and physical vigour of an able man in his prime. Educated at Durham Cathedral School, he passed to Wadham College, Oxford, where he obtained an open scholarship at the age of fifteen. He graduated in 1844, took orders in 1846, and got his fellowship two years later. His first curacy was at South Shields, but he made his name as incumbent of Oldbury. Thence he went to Dartford, but began the greater work of his life as rector of St. Philip's, Birmingham, in 1874.

There his activities have been of the most varied character. Every kind of Church organisation and every philanthropic movement that promised to be for the city's good has known his sympathy. It was, therefore, but natural that the new Bishop of Worcester in seeking a suffragan for his diocese should find the very helper he needed in the ex-Fellow of Wadham and the popular rector of St. Philip's, Birmingham.

The Trades Union Congress ended on Sept. 12 with the pretty ceremonial of presenting Mr. Burt with the dinner-bell which he used to keep the congress in the paths of order. The bell is to have an inscription, and Mr. Burt has already handed it over to the custody of his wife, who accompanied him every day to the congress and watched over him with affectionate solicitude. Mr. Burt's presidency of the congress has won him golden opinions everywhere. It was a model of tact, strength, and patience. He struck an excellent note in his opening address, which was beautifully delivered in the famous Northumbrian "burr," in which "or" sounds like "aw" or "ar," the "o" is lengthened into "oa," and "ow" comes out "oo." In Mr. Burt's case, however, the effect was entirely pleasant, and the intellectual side of the address was so finely developed, the tone was so high, and the feeling so refined that it would have pleased the keenest critical taste. It was received with rapturous applause from new and old unionists alike, though its teaching was not entirely in sympathy with the demands of the later school of unionism.

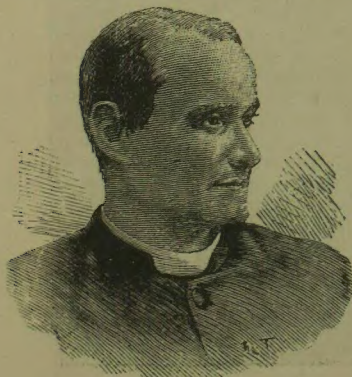
The congress was remarkable throughout for the ability with which it was conducted. The Northern Unions especially turned out some extremely able men, whose powers of speech and argument would compare very well with House of Commons speech-making. The speeches were, towards the close of the congress, limited to three minutes, and it was interesting to watch how the speakers contrived to squeeze the essence of their argument into the short time permitted them. Among those who distinguished themselves especially were Mr. Harford and Mr. Tait, of the railway servants, among the old unionists, and Mr. J. H. Wilson, of the seamen and firemen, and Mr. "Ben" Tillet, of the dockers, among the new.

The most strenuous and noisy conflict occurred in the congress apropos of the proposal to change its constitution, and instead of the plural voting based on contributions, to establish one man one vote, with a maximum vote of six. This would, of course, greatly reduce the power of the richer and older unions, and they fought steadily against the innovation, which was carried amid a scene of great tumult, during which Mr. Burt clanged his bell in vain. On the eight-hours question the most diligent lobbying went on, Mr. Burns, who was not a delegate, trying to get the vote up to the extremest pitch, and the cotton operatives and the Durham miners vigorously resisting. In the end a strong trade-option resolution was carried, imposing the eight-hours day on all trades save those which negative it by a bare majority. The distribution of the unions in the congress was interesting. The cotton operatives and the Durham miners, representing the conservative section, sat—true Men of the Plain—on the floor. The galleries were given up to the great and rich union known as the Miners' Federation, which supports the eight-hours day; while the Men of the Mountain, the extreme Legalists, occupied a corner of the right-hand gallery. As a rule, the galleries voted for all the advanced measures; the floor went for the less extreme proposals. The social side of the congress was made extremely agreeable by the lavish hospitality of the Mayor of Newcastle, Mr. Joseph Ellis, who organised dinners, balls, conversaziones, and garden-parties with indefatigable spirit.

The Earl of Warwick, who has been lying so seriously ill at Warwick Castle, but is now on the road to recovery, is the head of the ancient house of Greville, who were a family of some importance as far back as the reign of the third Edward. The title of Baron Brooke was conferred by James I. on the brilliant courtier and statesman, Sir Fulke Greville, and he also obtained a grant of that historic residence Warwick Castle. It was not, however, till 1759 that the title of Earl of Warwick was added to the other honours of the Grevilles. In that year the ancient earldom of Warwick, then held by the Rich family, became extinct, and George II., who had previously made the eighth holder of the barony Earl Brooke, conferred that dignity also upon him. The present Earl, who is very popular in his native county, is now in his seventy-third year.

The mission field in East London is giving to the mission field in South Africa one of its best men, the Rev.

William Marlborough Carter, M.A., who will shortly be consecrated Bishop of Zululand. Mr. Carter was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford, whence he graduated B.A. in 1873. He proceeded to his Master's degree in 1877. Ordained deacon by Bishop Selwyn in 1874, he held his first curacy at West Bromwich, where he was brought face to face with work of a peculiarly arduous character. After a very successful ministry there, he, in 1878, became curate of Bake-well. His stay in Derbyshire was, however, comparatively brief, for in 1880 he was brought to London to take



THE REV. W. M. CARTER,
Bishop-designate of Zululand.

charge of the Eton Mission at Hackney. For the space of eleven years—with only one slight break in 1889—he has toiled among the people at the East End with conspicuous success, and, as Dr. Warre, the Head Master of Eton, so well expressed it at a recent meeting at Devonshire House, no one connected with the mission could hear of Mr. Carter's approaching departure without dismay. Mr. Carter owes his nomination to the Bishop of Carlisle, acting on behalf of the bishops of South Africa. The position is one of singular usefulness, and one for which the Bishop-designate is eminently fitted.

Maurice Maeterlinck, the "Pessimist Playwright," introduced to the English-speaking world of letters by Mr. William Archer in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*, is a well-known figure in artistic and literary Belgium. The author of "La Princesse Maleine" lives in Ghent, and is a barrister, or, rather, was once a member of the Brussels Bar, for of late he has given up law for literature. M. Maeterlinck is tall and fair-haired, a typical Belgian both in appearance and manner. He is, strange to say, a prophet in his own country, and the good citizens of Ghent are very proud of their local Shakspeare. His first published work appeared some five years ago, when the author was in his one-and-twentieth year. He writes with equal facility both French and Flemish *patois*, and, indeed, prefers the latter as a literary medium; but his great success has been scored in Paris, owing to the enthusiastic log-rolling of his friend and critic Octave Mirbeau, a foremost member of the younger group of French realists. M. Maeterlinck has not been influenced by any living writer; Shakspeare, Milton, Goethe, and Schiller are his literary gods and patrons. M. Antoine, the director of the French *Théâtre Libre*, hopes to produce next winter "The Atheist's Tragedy," and, in the meantime, M. Maeterlinck is hard at work on a volume of fragmentary verse.

Sir Arthur Stepney-Cowell, who has resigned his position as Liberal member for Carmarthen District, was once at the Foreign Office, from which he retired in 1873, on the ground of ill-health. He retired on a pension, but, happily, a year later regained his health, and was able to contest the constituency for which he now sits. He was unsuccessful, however, a Conservative being elected; but in 1876 he succeeded to the seat, which his father held before him. Sir Arthur had no expectations in early life of succeeding to the baronetcy, which was extinct, and was revived by Mr. Gladstone for his father's benefit. He was a younger son, and his succession came through the death of his elder brother. He has always been an attached follower of Mr. Gladstone; and his career at the Foreign Office was distinguished by the happy accident of his presence at a great European event which had momentous consequences—the crowning of Prince William (afterwards the first German Emperor) as King of Prussia.

Djevad Pasha, the new Grand Vizier, is comparatively unknown outside Turkish military



THE NEW GRAND VIZIER OF TURKEY.

and official circles, and from his past career it is difficult to judge how far he may succeed in the task confided to him by the Sultan. Born a little more than forty years ago, Djevad Pasha, on leaving the Turkish Military School of Panscaldi, distinguished himself as a soldier in the Russo-Turkish war, in which he took part as adjutant of Osman Pasha. After the war he was appointed successively Turkish Commissioner for the delimitation of the newly created Balkan States, member of the Ottoman Railway Commission, and Diplomatic Agent at Belgrade, and ultimately in Montenegro, where he remained for three years. He then went to Crete as aide-de-camp to Shakir Pasha, who had been appointed Governor-General of the island, and when the latter was recalled he succeeded him as Governor. It is said that during his lease of office in Candia Djevad Pasha showed himself hostile to British influence, and that this was one of the reasons why he was summoned to Constantinople to assume the office of Grand Vizier in succession to Kiamil Pasha, whose tendencies were the other way. Djevad Pasha is the author of a "Military History of the Ottoman Empire," which is considered a standard work by Turkish military men. It will be seen from this brief sketch of the career of the new Grand Vizier that Djevad Pasha is more of a soldier than a diplomatist or a statesman, and that the surprise caused in Constantinople by his appointment was to some extent justified, as also the opinion that the new Cabinet would not be long-lived.

The death is announced of the Dowager Viscountess of Galway, at her London residence on Sept. 10. The Viscountess was a sister of the late Lord Houghton, and since her husband's death, in 1876, much of her time had been occupied in travelling. She was not contented with the "common round" of capitals, spas, and watering-places, but had explored Egypt and Syria pretty thoroughly, and in a mountaineering excursion in the latter country, undertaken when in her seventieth year, she nearly lost her life, arriving at the summit terribly exhausted, and having, after some days' rest at a conventual hospice, to be carried on her return journey on a bier, the only sort of conveyance procurable. Early this year her ladyship met with an accident at Strasburg railway station, slipping from the footboard of a carriage, and the injuries she then received probably shortened her life.

Lady Galway was a woman who shared much of her brother's piquancy and originality of character. She took the deepest interest in Mr. Wemyss Reid's "Life of Lord Houghton," and was Mr. Reid's constant correspondent on matters relating to her brother's career. She knew most of the notabilities of the century—Tennyson being one of her earliest friends, and Browning being greatly attached to her to the day of his death. In her younger days she was a famous beauty, and seems to have had great attractions of manner as well as of presence, and she was always a most interesting companion, whose tales of early associations were full of interest. Her love of travel led to her living a somewhat lonely life; but she was very fond of chatting with her countrywomen abroad, and showed them a good deal of kindness and sympathetic interest. She was a strong Conservative in politics, though she had a personal liking for Mr. Gladstone, which did not in the least degree extend to his public career.

The Earl of Northesk (grandson of the celebrated Admiral Lord Northesk, who was third in command at Trafalgar), who has died at the comparatively early age of forty-eight, was the

head of the younger branch of the Carnegie family, the elder branch of which ancient Scottish house is represented by the Earl of Southesk, both earls being descended from sons of Sir David Carnegie, a prominent statesman in the reign of James I. Lord Northesk was a representative Scottish peer, but though he had recently restored Ethie Castle, his fine old Forfarshire residence, and was keenly interested in the welfare of his Scotch tenants, he resided but little in the North, living the life of a country gentleman at his delightful Hampshire park, Longwood, near Winchester, where he died. The earl was much interested in antiquarian researches, which he prosecuted with considerable success, and was devoted to cricket, which he did much to foster in the county of Hants. He is succeeded in the title by his eldest son, Lord Rosehill, who is only twenty-six, and is now fulfilling his duties as A.D.C. to Lord Hopetoun, the Governor of Victoria. Lord Northesk left instructions that his body was to be cremated.

We have heard much of Waterloo veterans of late, but it is not generally known that there is living at Down-



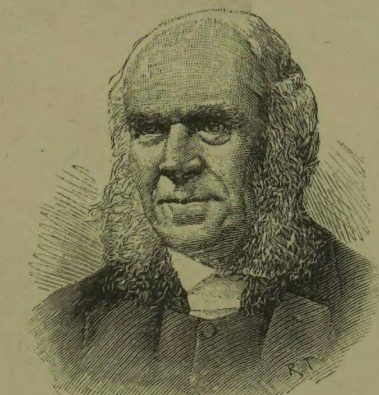
SIGNOR MANUEL GAMINARA.

ham Market a soldier who, seventy-nine years ago, accompanied Napoleon to Russia, shared in the horrors of the retreat from Moscow, and returned with the Emperor to Paris. Manuel Gaminara was born at Nice in 1794, but, in spite of his ninety-seven years, may still be seen, hale and hearty, in his daily walk through the streets of the pleasant little Norfolk town. He endures good-temperedly the bucolic criticisms of these with whom detestation of "Boney" is almost as real a thing as it was to their great-grandfathers, but his worship of the Emperor has survived well-nigh a century of dynastic changes. After Gaminara left the Army he became valet to Colonel Mason, of Necton Hall, Norfolk, with whom he came to England. He married an Englishwoman, the housekeeper of Necton, and has several children living.

Raby Castle, near Darlington, the magnificent northern seat of the late and last Duke of Cleveland, passes under that nobleman's will to his cousin, Mr. Henry de Vere Vane, now Lord Barnard. The castle was formerly the chief residence of the great family of Nevill, Earls of Westmorland, by the last of whom, Charles, the sixth earl, it was forfeited for the part he played in the rebellion of the North in the reign of Elizabeth. It afterwards became the property of the Vane family, being bought from the lessees of the Crown in the reign of James I. by the father of Sir Harry Vane, so celebrated in the struggle between King Charles and his Parliament. The buildings are of immense size and enclose three courtyards, the whole being surrounded by a raised terrace. With the exception of the south front, which was added by Inigo Jones, Raby is the most perfect of our northern castles, retaining all its ancient features nearly intact. The late Duke's splendid southern residence, Battle Abbey, is left to the widowed duchess for her life.

Mr. Samuel James Bouverie Haydon, who has died at the age of seventy-six, was a native of Exeter, became a pupil of the eminent sculptor E. H. Baily, R.A., and during twenty-three years, from 1842 to 1865, his works, annually exhibited at the Royal Academy, gained high approval, including such ideal subjects as "Hermia and Helena," "Cordelia," "Ophelia," "Perdita," and "Little Nell Asleep," from "The Old Curiosity Shop," in which the feminine figure was treated with much grace and refinement. His talent was esteemed by other sculptors, and by a few connoisseurs and patrons. It did not meet with substantial reward, and he desisted from its practice almost entirely in the latter part of his life. This was caused by failure of physical power of hand and eye. His widow and family are left in circumstances that would justify a small grant of aid from the Royal Academy funds.

The death, suddenly, on Friday, Sept. 11, of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Sadler, minister during forty-five years of Rosslyn



THE LATE REV. DR. SADLER.

Hill Chapel, Hampstead, is a loss to general society as well as to his congregation and many personal friends. He was about sixty-nine years of age, a native of Hingham, son and grandson of Presbyterian Dissenting ministers; was educated at the University of Göttingen, where he took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy; commenced his ministry as assistant to the Rev. R. Aspland, at the Gravel-pit Chapel, Hackney, and took charge of the congregation at Hampstead in 1846. Dr. Sadler's chief contribution to secular literature was a biography, the "Diary and Reminiscences of Henry Crabb Robinson," an old friend of his, well known in the circle that gathered around Samuel Rogers, and one of the founders of University Hall, Gordon Square. He published also several collections of prayers, and last year a volume of sermons, "Sunday Thoughts at Rosslyn Hill Chapel." Dr. Sadler was the senior minister, in London, of the English Presbyterians, an ancient Dissenting body which, early in the eighteenth century, renounced all subscription to theological creeds, and whose congregations, everywhere in the south and west of England, are of the Unitarian persuasion. It is a matter of interest that he read the funeral service over the remains of George Eliot in Highgate Cemetery.

For our Portrait of the Rev. H. B. Bowlby we are indebted to a photograph by Fradelle and Young, of Regent Street; for that of Signor Manuel Gaminara, to B. J. Johnson, of Downham Market, Norfolk; that of the Earl of Dudley, to Robinson, of Regent Street; that of the Countess of Dudley (Miss Rachel Gurney), to J. Thomson, 70a, Grosvenor Street; that of the late Mr. Partridge, police-magistrate, to A. Murano, Brighton; that of Mr. John Rose, to Van der Weyde, of Regent Street; and that of Mr. Augustin Daly, to A. Bassano, Old Bond Street.

THE MARRIAGE OF LORD DUDLEY.

On Monday, Sept. 14, in Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, the Earl of Dudley married Miss Rachel Gurney, adopted daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. The Right Hon. William Humble Ward, second Earl of Dudley, was born May 25, 1867, eldest son of the late Earl, who was also Baron Ward; another branch of whose family, from 1763 to 1833, bore the titles of Viscount Dudley and Ward, in the Peerage of Great Britain, and latterly Viscount Ednam and Earl of Dudley, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. The ennobled family of Ward is descended from the old Suttons of Dudley, who were invested with a barony in 1342, and from Humble Ward, son of a London goldsmith and jeweller, who married a granddaughter of the baron in the reign of Charles I., and who was created Baron Ward in 1644; other titles were added, some became extinct, or passed to different offspring, but the late Earl, William, eleventh Baron Ward, was created in 1860 Viscount Ednam and Earl of Dudley. His lordship, born in 1817, married, first, Selina Constance, daughter of Hubert de Burgh, Esq., of West Drayton Manor; secondly, Georgiana Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Moncrieff, Bart. He was a well-known connoisseur and liberal patron of the Fine Arts. Dying in May 1885, he was succeeded by the present Earl of Dudley. His widow, Georgiana, Countess of Dudley, married to the late Earl in 1865, is mother of the present Earl.

The recent wedding was honoured with the presence of the Prince of Wales; and among the relatives and friends attending were the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, the Countess of Dudley, Countess de Grey, the Earl of Chesterfield, Viscount Clifden, Lady Randolph Churchill, Lord and Lady Cardross, Lady Wantage, Lady Jane Lindsay, Lady Henry Grosvenor, Lady Claud Hamilton, Helen Lady Forbes and the Misses Forbes, M. and Madame de Falbe, the Hon. Alexander Yorke, the Hon. Sidney Greville, the Hon. Claude Hay, Sir Charles and Lady Forbes, the Hon. George Lambton, General and Mrs. Keith Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. George Forbes and Miss Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville Gurney and Miss Gurney, Mrs. Hwfa Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Henry White, and the Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham. The decorations were on a very lavish scale. Tall palms towered above the chancel rails, while banks of beautiful white lilies and chrysanthemums were relieved by ferns, and Oriental vases, filled with choice exotics, were placed on the altar. The Dowager Countess of Dudley accompanied her daughter, Lady Edith Ward, one of the bridesmaids. Shortly afterwards came the Prince of Wales, looking in very good health after his visit to Homburg. The Dowager Countess of Dudley sat on the left of the Prince, and the Duchess of Bedford on the right.

The ceremony, fully choral, was conducted by Canon Claughton, cousin of the bridegroom, assisted by Canon Melville, Rector of Great Witley, Stourport, and the Rev. C. Beanlands. The bride was accompanied by the Duke of Bedford, who subsequently gave her away. On alighting from the carriage she was loudly cheered by those who congregated around the church door. She walked up the centre aisle to the chancel rails. Her bridal dress was composed of the richest ivory Duchesse satin, with full Court train. The skirt was perfectly plain, but the bodice, which was cut to show the throat, was softened round the neck with deep frills of antique point lace. The sleeves were slashed with similar lace, and a wide satin sash was arranged round the waist, to fall in long ends to the bottom of the skirt. Her veil of antique lace was the gift of Lord Dudley, and covered a Greek wreath of real orange bloom in foliage. Her ornaments were a string of pearls, the gift of the Duchess of Bedford, and a diamond motto bracelet, the gift of the Duke of Bedford. Viscount Royston, eldest son of the Earl of Hardwicke, acted as best man. There were eight bridesmaids—Lady Edith Ward, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Laura Gurney, sister of the bride; Miss Helena Fraser, Miss Maud Campbell, Miss Mabel Forbes, cousins of the bridegroom; Lady Juliette Lowther, the Hon. Muriel Erskine, and Miss Pamela Wyndham, who wore gowns of white crêpe de Chine, trimmed with lace, and pale-blue ribbons, a deep sash of silk of the same tint falling in long ends at the back. Their hats were of fancy black straw, trimmed with Mechlin lisse and pale-blue satin ribbons, and ornamented with ostrich-feather plumes. The bridegroom's presents to them were a double initial brooch with the letters "R. and E." in pearls and diamonds, surmounted by a coronet. Each carried a bouquet of selected orchids, tied with blue-silk streamers to match. Two little pages of honour attended the bride as train-bearers—Master Prinsep (cousin of the bride) and Master Somers-Cocks—in costumes of white satin, as in Louis the Fifteenth's time, with hats en suite. The bride presented each with a pearl pin and diamond pin.

Immediately after the ceremony the bridal party adjourned to 37, Chesham Place, the town residence of the Duke of Bedford, where the reception was held. Among the invited guests were the Prince of



THE EARL OF DUDLEY.

Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, Duke and Duchess of Athole, Duchess of Manchester and Miss Yznaga, the Ladies Murray, Dowager Duchess of Montrose and Mr. Milner, Duchess of Argyll, Marquis and Marchioness of Northampton, Dowager Duchess of Newcastle and Mr. Hohler, Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, Marquis of Tullibardine, Earl and Countess Cowper, Earl and Countess Compton, Lord and Lady de Vesci, Earl and Countess of Kinnoul, Lady Mary Hay, Earl and Countess of Rosslyn, Earl and Countess of Haddington.



THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is a curious fact and a cruel satire upon the political conceptions of European statesmen of the present day that, notwithstanding alliances, understandings, and arrangements, made with the object of securing peace, public opinion should have become so easily alarmed. It is impossible not to acknowledge that, as the grouping of the Powers of Europe has been more clearly defined and the leanings of each more accurately ascertained, an uncomfortable feeling has sprung up that, somehow, the division of Europe into what are practically two huge camps is becoming a source of danger, and that so long as some doubt existed as to the attitude of one or two great Powers in certain conceivable contingencies, there was, in that very uncertainty, an element of comparative security which has now disappeared.

To this feeling must certainly be attributed the excitement caused throughout Europe by the Dardanelles incident and the dismissal of Kiamil Pasha. Considerable doubt still remains as to the true motives of the late Grand Vizier's disgrace. It is, however, pretty certain that the Sultan's decision was prompted by some political necessities which will soon become apparent. At all events, and whatever may have been the cause of the recent Ministerial change in Constantinople, Djavad Pasha enters upon his new duties in circumstances of great difficulty, calling for a display of more than ordinary ability and prudence.

If a further proof were needed of the excitable state of European public opinion, it would be found in the emotion caused in Continental Bourses and on the London Stock Exchange by the announcement, on Monday, Sept. 14, of the reputed occupation of Sigri by a detachment of British blue-jackets, with arms and cannon. Sigri is an islet situated on the west coast of the island of Mitylene, which lies off the coast of Asia Minor, to the north of the Gulf of Smyrna, and within seventy or eighty miles of the Dardanelles. Considering that Mitylene is an important strategical position, it was at once assumed that the reported British occupation had some connection with the recent arrangement concluded between Russia and Turkey with regard to the passage through the Straits of the ships of the Volunteer Fleet. It is needless to add that no confirmation was received of this startling piece of news: that it was believed in for a few hours shows how easily people are alarmed just now.

In Russia certain papers have recently expressed their disappointment at the fact that the concession made by the Porte to Russia with regard to the Volunteer Fleet did not extend to Russian war-ships. This may, in some degree, be looked upon as a sign that the concession is one which need cause no apprehension. Moreover, it seems as if, for some time at least, Russia would have to turn her attention more to home matters than to foreign affairs. In the first instance, the terrible distress prevailing in some of the Russian provinces calls for immediate relief, and is now engaging the attention of the authorities, who have received valuable help from the Holy Synod. That body has ordered collections to be made in all the churches, convents, and religious establishments for the relief of the sufferers. Then there is the financial question and the issue of the new loan, which has been delayed for various unexplained reasons, but is shortly to be brought out by Parisian financial establishments at a rate which, it is assured, will leave little profit to the bankers.

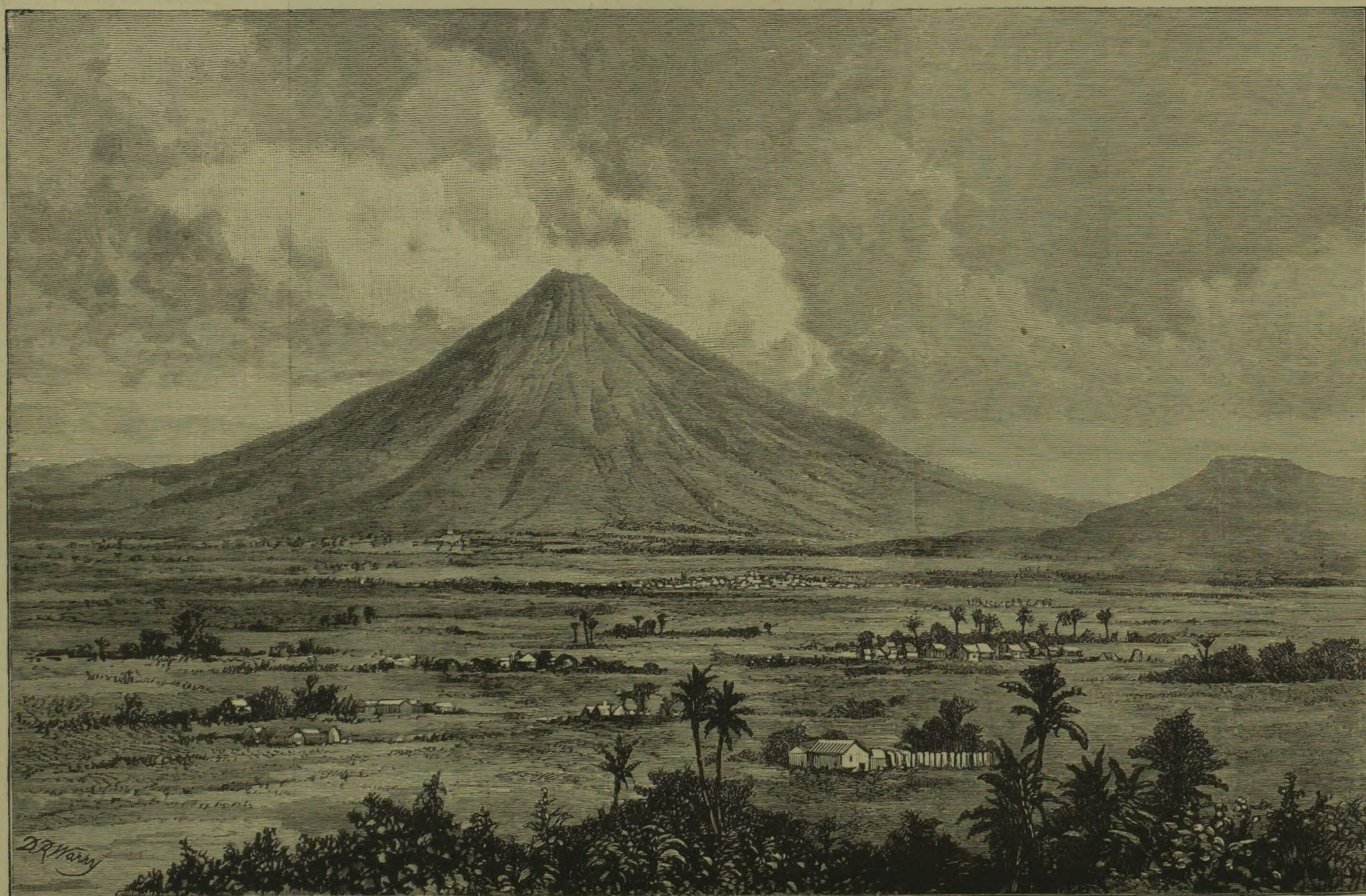
The Czar and Czarina, who are still at Copenhagen, will, it is announced, spend a few days in Berlin before returning to Russia; and it is added that the German Emperor and Empress will pay them a return visit to St. Petersburg on the occasion of the forthcoming silver-wedding festivities.

On Monday, Sept. 14, the funeral of the late M. Jules Grévy took place at Mont-sous-Vaudrey. There was a considerable display of military pomp, and the ceremony was really imposing. The hearse was followed by General Bruyère, (representing President Carnot), by the Presidents of the Senate and of the Chamber of Deputies, and by several members of the Cabinet, including M. de Freycinet, the Premier, who delivered a funeral oration.

A few months ago the "question of the painters" caused great excitement in Paris, and now there is the "Lohengrin" question, which is eagerly discussed by the French papers. A number of patriotic Frenchmen are highly indignant that Wagner's music should be sung in a subsidised theatre, and are determined to prevent the performance of "Lohengrin." They have so far succeeded that the performance announced for Sept. 11 did not take place, and that there is some uncertainty as to the date when the German composer's opera is to be performed. M. Constans, the Minister of the Interior, has decided that it shall be performed, and he is supported by the most respectable newspapers in Paris as well as by all artists and the great majority of Parisians.



CATHEDRAL OF SAN MIGUEL, SAN SALVADOR.



VALLEY OF JIBOA, SAN SALVADOR.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN SAN SALVADOR, CENTRAL AMERICA.

THE SCAPEGOAT: A ROMANCE.

BY HALL CAINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE BONDMAN" AND "THE DEEMSTER."

CHAPTER XX.

OF LIFE'S NEW LANGUAGE.

Two days after they had been cast out of Tetuan, Israel and Naomi were settled in a little house that stood a day's walk to the north of the town, about midway between the village of Samsa and the fondak which lies on the road to Tangier. From the hour wherein the gates had closed behind them, everything had gone well with both. The country people who lay encamped on the heath outside had gathered around and shown them kindness. One old Arab woman, seeing Naomi's shame, had come behind without a word and cast a blanket over her head and shoulders. Then a girl of the Berber folk had brought slippers and drawn them on to Naomi's feet. The woman wore no blanket herself, and the feet of the girl were bare. Their own people were haggard and hollow-eyed and hungry, but the hearts of all were melted towards the great man in his dark hour. "Allah had written it," they muttered, but they were more merciful than they thought their God.

Thus, amid silent pity and audible peace-blessings, with cheer of kind words and comfort of food and drink, Israel and Naomi had wandered on through the country from village to village until, in the evening, an hour after sundown, they came upon the hut wherein they made their home. It was a poor, mean place, and neither a round tent such as the mountain Berbers build, nor a square cube of white stone, with its garden in a court within, such as a Moorish farmer rears for his homestead, but an oblong shed, roofed with rushes and palmetto leaves in the manner of an Irish cabin. And, indeed, the cabin of an Irish renegade it had been, who, escaping at Gibraltar from the ship that was taking him to Sydney, had sailed in a Genoese trader to Ceuta, and made his way across the land until he came to this lonesome spot near to Samsa. Unlike the better part of his countrymen, he had been a man of solitary habit and gloomy temper, and while he lived he had been shunned by his neighbours, and when he died his house had been left alone. That was the chance whereby Israel and Naomi had come to possess it, being both poor and unclaimed.

Nevertheless, though bare enough of most things that man makes and values, yet the little place was rich in some of the wealth that comes only from the hand of God. Thus marjoram and jasmine and pinks and roses grew at the foot of its walls, and it was these sweet flowers which had first caught the eyes of Israel. For suddenly through the mazes of his mind, where every perception was indistinct at that time, there seemed to come back to him a vague and confused recollection of the abandoned house, as if the thing that his eyes then saw they had surely seen before. How this should be, Israel could not think, seeing that never before to his knowledge had he passed on his way to Tangier so near to Samsa. But when he questioned himself again, it came to him, like light beaming into a dark room, that not in any waking hour at all had he seen the little place before, but in the dream of the night when he slept on the ground in the poor fondak of the Jews at Wazan.

This, then, was the cottage where he had dreamed that he lived with Naomi; this was where she had seemed to have eyes to see and ears to hear and a tongue to speak; this was the vision of his dead wife which when he awoke on his journey had appeared to be vainly reflected in his dream; and now it was realised, it was true, it had come to pass. Israel's heart was full, and being at that time ready to see the leading of Heaven in everything, he saw it in this fact also; and thus, without more ado than such inquiries as were necessary, he settled himself with Naomi in the place they had chanced upon.

And there, through some months following, from the height of the summer until the falling of winter, they lived together in peace and content, lacking much yet wanting nothing, short of many things that are thought to make men's condition happy, but grateful and thanking God.

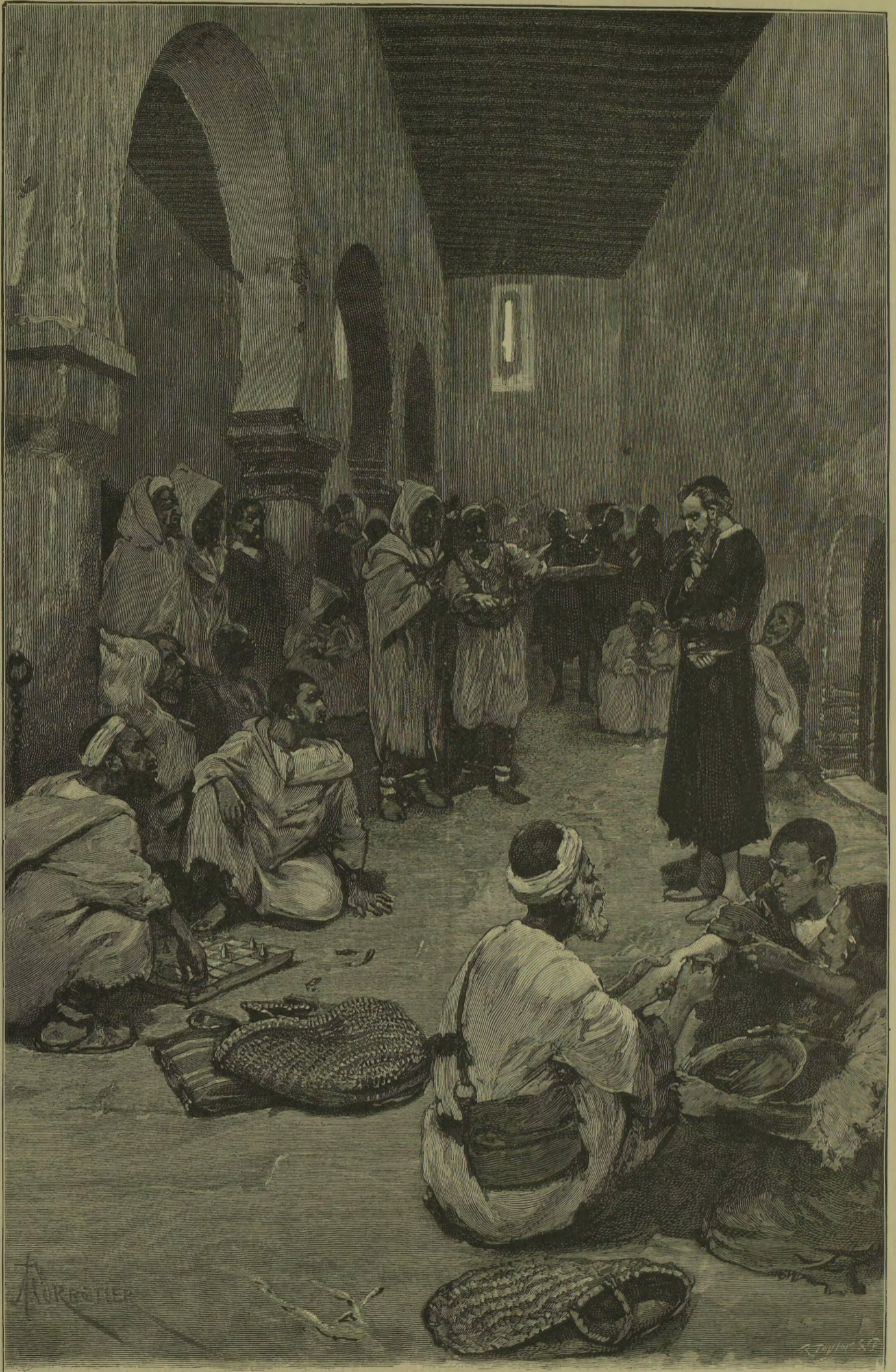
Israel was poor, but not penniless. Out of the wreck of his fortune, after he sold the best contents of his house, he had still some three hundred dollars remaining in the pocket of his waistband when he was cast out of the town. These he laid out in sheep and goats and oxen. He hired land also of a tenant of the Basha, and sent wool and milk by the hand of a neighbour to the market at Tetuan. The rains continued, the eggs of the locust were destroyed, the grass came green out of the ground, and Israel found bread for both of them. With such simple husbandry, and in such a home, giving no thought to the morrow, he passed with cheer and comfort from day to day.

And truly, if at any weaker moment he had been minded to repine for the loss of his former poor greatness, or to fail of heart in pursuit of his new calling, for which heavier hands were better fit, he had always present with him two bulwarks of his purpose and sheet-anchors of his hope. He was reminded of the one as often as in the daytime he climbed the hillside above his little dwelling and saw the white town lying far away under its gauzy canopy of smoke, whenever in the night the town lamps sent their pale sheet of light into the dark sky.

"They are yonder," he would think, "wrangling, contending, fighting, praying, cursing, blessing, and cheating; and I am here, cut off from them by ten deep miles of darkness, in the quiet, the silence, and sweet odour of God's proper air."

But stronger to sustain him than any memory of the ways of his former life was the recollection of Naomi. God had given back all her gifts, and what were poverty and hard toil against so great a blessing? They were as dust, they were as ashes, they were what power of the world and riches of gold and silver had been without it. And higher than the joy of

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The prisoners knew him, and they were aghast. He looked around, made a step forward, hesitated.

Israel's constant remembrance that Naomi had been blind and could now see, and deaf and could now hear, and dumb and could now speak was the solemn thought that all this was but the sign and symbol of God's pleasure, and assurance to his soul that the lot of the scapegoat had been lifted away.

More satisfying still to the hunger of his heart as a man was his dear, delicious pleasure in Naomi's newfound life. She was like a creature born afresh, a radiant and joyful being newly awakened into a world of strange sights.

But it was not at once that she fell upon this pleasure. Throughout the day whereon the last of her great gifts came to her, when they were cast out of Tetuan, and while they walked hand in hand through the country until they lit upon their home, she had kept her eyes steadfastly closed. The light terrified her. It penetrated her delicate lids, and gave her pain. When for a moment she lifted her lashes and saw the trees, she put out her hand as if to push them away; and when she saw the sky, she raised her arms as if to hold it off. Everything seemed to touch her eyes. The bars of sunlight seemed to smite them. Not until the falling of darkness did her fears subside and her spirits revive. Throughout the day that followed she sat constantly in the gloom of the blackest corner of their hut.

But this was only her baptism of light on coming out of a world of darkness, just as her fear of the voices of the earth and air had been her baptism of sound on coming out of a land of silence. Within three days afterwards, her terror

began to give place to joy; and from that time forward the world was full of wonder to her opened eyes. Then sweet and beautiful beyond all dreams of fancy were her amazement and delight in every little thing that lay about her—the grass, the weeds, the poorest flower that blew, even the rude implements of the house and the common stones that worked up through the mould—all old and familiar to her fingers but new and strange to her eyes, and marvellous as if an angel out of heaven had dropped them down to her.

For many days after the coming of her sight she continued to recognise everything by touch and sound. Thus one morning early in their life in the cottage, and early also in the day, after Israel had kissed her on the eyelids to awaken her, and she had opened them and gazed up at him as he stooped above her, she looked puzzled for an instant, being still in the mists of sleep, and only when she had closed her eyes again, and put out her hand to touch him did her face brighten with recognition and her lips utter his name. "My father," she murmured, "my father."

Thus again, the same day, not an hour afterwards, she came running back to the house from the grass bank in front of it, holding a flower in her hand, and asking a world of hot questions concerning it in her broken, lisping, pretty speech. Why had no one told her that there were flowers that could see? Here was one which while she looked upon it had opened its beautiful eye and laughed at her. "What is it?" she asked, "what is it?"

"A daisy, my child," Israel answered.
 "A daisy!" she cried in bewilderment; and during the short hush and quick inspiration that followed she closed her eyes and passed her nervous fingers rapidly over the little ring of sprinkled spears, and then said very softly, with head aslant as if ashamed, "Oh yes, so it is; it is only a daisy."

But to tell of how those first days of sight sped along for Naomi, with what delight of ever-fresh surprise and joy of new wonder, would be a long task if a beautiful one. They were some miles inside the coast, but from the little hill-top near at hand they could see it clearly; and one day when Naomi had gone so far with her father, she drew up suddenly at his side and cried in a breathless voice of awe, "The sky! the sky! Look! It has fallen on to the land."

"That is the sea, my child," said Israel.

"The sea!" she cried, and then she closed her eyes and listened, and then opened them and blushed, and said, while her knitted brows smoothed out and her beautiful face looked aside: "So it is—yes, it is the sea."

Throughout that day and the night which followed it the eyes of her mind were entranced by the marvel of that vision, and next morning she mounted the hill alone to look upon it again; and, being so far, she walked farther and yet farther, wandering on and on and on, through fields where the lavender blew and the camomile blossomed, on and on, as though drawn by the enchantment of the mighty deep that lay sparkling in the sun, until at last she came to the head of a deep gully in the coast. Still the wonder of the waters held her, but another marvel now seized upon her sight. The gully was a lonesome place inhabited by countless sea-birds. From high up in the rocks above and from far down in the chasm below, from every cleft on every side, they flew out, with white wings and black ones and grey and blue, and sent their voices into the air, until the echoing place seemed to shriek and yell with a deafening clangour.

It was midday when Naomi reached this spot, and she sat there a long hour in fear and consternation. And when she returned to her father, she told him awesome stories of demons that lived in thousands by the sea, and fought in the air and killed each other. "And see!" she cried, "look at this, and this, and this!"

Then Israel glanced at the wrecks she had brought with

At that moment a new and dearer wonder came to her, such as every maiden knows whom God has made beautiful, yet none remembers the hour when she knew it first. For, tracing with her eyes the shadow of the cliff and of the continent of cloud that sailed double in two seas of blue to where they were broken by the dazzling half-round of the sun's reflected disc on the shadowed quarter of the boat, she leaned over the side of it, and then saw the reflection of another and lovelier vision.

"Father," she cried with alarm, "a face in the water! Look! Look!"

"It is your own, my child," said Israel.

"Mine!" she cried.

"The reflection of your face," said Israel, "the light and the water make it."

The marvel was hard to understand. There was something ghostly in this thing that was she and yet not she, this face that looked up at her and laughed and yet made no voice. She leaned back in the boat and asked Israel if it was still in the water. But when at length she had grasped the mystery, the artlessness of her joy was charming. She was like a child in her delight, and like a woman that was still a child in her unconscious love of her own loveliness. Whenever the boat was at rest, she leaned over its bulwark and gazed down into the blue depths.

"How beautiful!" she cried, "how beautiful!"

She clapped her hands and looked again, and there in the still water was the wonder of her dancing eyes. "Oh! how very beautiful!" she cried, without lifting her face, and when she saw her lips move as she spoke and her sunny hair fall about her restless head she laughed and laughed again with a heart of glee.

Israel looked on for some moments at this sweet picture, and, for all his sense of the dangers of Naomi's artless joy in her own beauty, he could not find it in his heart to check her. He had borne too long the pain and shame of one who was father of an afflicted child to deny himself this choking rapture of her recovery. "Live on like a child always, little one," he thought; "be a child as long as you can, be a child forever, my dove, my darling! Never did the world suffer it that I myself should be a child at all."

The artlessness of Naomi increased day by day, and found

these she had always known them, and sometimes it had been her mother's arms that had been about her, and sometimes her father's lips that had pressed her forehead, and sometimes Ali's voice that had rung in her ears.

Israel smoothed her hair and calmed her fears, but, thinking both of her dream and of her artless sayings, he said in his heart, "She is a child, a child born into life as a maid, and without the strength of a child's weakness. Oh! great is the wisdom which orders it so that we come into the world as babes."

Thus realising Naomi's childishness, Israel kept close guard and watch upon her afterwards. But if she was a gleam of sunlight in his lonely dwelling, like sunlight she came and went in it, and one day he found her near to the track leading up to the fondak in talk with a passing traveller by the way, whom he recognised for the grossest profligate out of Tetuan. Unveiled, unabashed, with sweet looks of confidence she was gazing full into the man's gross face, answering his evil questions with the artless simplicity of innocence. At one bound Israel was between them, and in a moment he had torn Naomi away. And that night, while she wept out her very heart at the first anger that her father had shown her, Israel himself, in a new terror of his soul, was pouring out a new petition to God. "O Lord, my God," he cried, "when she was blind and dumb and deaf she was a thing apart, she was a child in no peril from herself, for Thy hand did guide her, and in none from the world, for no man dare outrage her infirmity. But now she is a maid, and her dangers are many, for she is beautiful, and the heart of man is evil. Keep me with her always, O Lord, to guard and guide her! Let me not leave her, for she is without knowledge of good and evil. Spare me a little while longer, though I am stricken in years. For her sake spare me, O Lord—it is the last of my prayers—the last, O Lord, the last—for her sake spare me!"

God did not hear the prayer of Israel. Next morning a guard of soldiers came out from Tetuan and took him prisoner in the name of the Kaid. The release of the poor followers of Absalam out of the prison at Shawan had become known by the blind gratitude of one of them, who, hastening to Israel's house in the Mellah, had flung himself down on his face before it.



"Father," she cried with alarm, "a face in the water! Look! Look!"

her of the devilish warfare that she had witnessed, and—"This," said he, lifting one of them, "is a sea-bird's feather, and this," lifting another, "is a sea-bird's egg, and this," lifting the third, "is a dead sea-bird itself."

Once more Naomi knit her brows in thought, and again she closed her eyes and touched the familiar things wherein her sight had deceived her. "Ah, yes," she said meekly, looking into her father's eyes with a smile, "they are only that, after all." And then she said very quietly, as if speaking to herself, "What a long time it is before you learn to see!"

It was partly due to the isolation of her upbringing in the company of Israel that nearly every fresh wonder that encountered her eyes took shapes of supernatural horror or splendour. One early evening, when she had remained out of the house until the day was wellnigh done, she came back in a wild ecstasy to tell of angels that she had just seen in the sky. They were in robes of crimson and scarlet, their wings blazed like fire, they swept across the clouds in multitudes, and went down behind the world together, passing thus out of the earth through the gates of heaven.

Israel listened to her and said "That was the sunset, my child. Every morning the sun rises and every night it sets."

Then she looked full into his face and blushed. Her shame at her sweet errors sometimes conquered her joy in the new heritage of sight, and Israel heard her whisper to herself and say, "After all, the eyes are deceitful." Vision was life's new language and she had yet to learn it.

But not for long was her delight in the beautiful things of the world to be damped by any thought of herself. Nay, the best and rarest part of it, the dearest and most delicious throb it brought her, came of herself alone. On another early day Israel took her to the coast, and pushed off with her on the waters in a boat. The air was still, the sea was smooth, the sun was shining, and save for one white scarf of cloud the sky was blue. They were sailing in a tiny bay that was broken by a little island, which lay in the midst like a ruby in a ring, covered with heather and long stalks of seeding grass. Through whispering beds of rushes they glided on, and floated over white lilies that swayed between round leaves of green and gold and purple. Sea-fowl screamed over their heads, as if in anger at their invasion, and under their oars the moss lay in the shallows on the pebbles and great stones. It was a morning of God's own making, and, for joy of its loveliness no less than of her own bounding life, Naomi rose in the boat and opened her lips and arms to the breeze while it played with the rippling currents of her hair, as if she would drink and embrace it.

constantly some new fashion of charming strangeness. All lovely things on the earth seemed to speak to her, and she could talk with the birds and the flowers. Also she would lie down in the grass and rest like a lamb, with as little shame and with a grace as sweet. Not yet had the great mystery dawned on her that drops on a girl like an unseen mantle out of the sky, and when it has covered her she is a child no more. Naomi was a child still. Nay, she was a child a second time, for while she had been blind she had seemed for a little while to become a woman in the awful revelation of her infirmity and isolation. Now she was a weak, patient, blind maiden no longer, but a reckless spirit of joy once again, a restless gleam of human sunlight gathering sunshine into her father's house.

Sometimes the memory of their old troubles in Tetuan seemed to cross like a thundercloud the azure of her sky, but at the next hour it was gone. The world was too full of marvels for any enduring sense but wonder. Once she awoke from sleep in terror, and told Israel of something which she believed to have happened to her in the night. She had been carried away from him—she could not say when—and she knew no more until she found herself in a great patio, paved and walled with tiles. Men were standing together there in red peaked caps and flowing white kaftans. And before them all was one old man in garments that were of the colour of the afternoon sun, with sleeves like the mouths of bells, a curling silver knife at his waistband, and little leather bags hung by yellow cords about his neck. Beside this man there was a woman of a laughing cruel face; and she herself, Naomi—alone, her father being nowhere near—stood in the midst with all eyes upon her. What happened next she did not know, for blank darkness fell upon everything, and in that interval they who had taken her away must have brought her back. For when she opened her eyes, she was in her own bed, and the things of their little home were about her, and her father's eyes were looking down at her, and his lips were kissing her, and the sun was shining outside, and the birds were singing, and the long grass was whispering in the breeze, and it was the same as if she had been asleep during the night and was just awakening in the morning.

"It was a dream, my child," said Israel, thinking only with how vivid a sense her eyes had gathered up in that instant of first sight the picture of that day at the Kasba.

"A dream!" she cried; "no, no! I saw it!"

Hitherto her dreams had been blind ones, and if she dreamt of her own people it had not been of their faces, but of the touch of their hands or the sound of their voices. By one of

CHAPTER XXI.

OF ISRAEL IN PRISON.

Short as the time was—some three months and odd days—since the prison at Shawan had been emptied by order of the warrant which Israel had drawn without authority in the name of Benaboo, it was now occupied by other prisoners. The remoteness of the town in the territory of the Akhmas, and the wild fanaticism of the Shawanis, had made the old fortress a favourite place of banishment to such Kaid of other provinces as looked for heavier ransoms from the relatives of victims, because the locality of their imprisonment was unknown or the danger of approaching it was terrible. And thus it occurred that some fifty or more men and boys from near and far were already living in the dungeon from which Israel and Ali together had set the other poor people free.

This was the prison to which Israel was taken when he was torn from Naomi and the simple home that he had made for himself near Samsa. "Ya Allah! Let the dog eat the crust which he thought too hard for his pups!" said Benaboo, as he sealed the warrant which consigned Israel to the Kaid of Shawan.

Israel was taken to the prison afoot, and reached it on the morning of the second day after his arrest. The sun was shining as he approached the rude old block of masonry and entered the passage that led down to the dungeon. In a little court at the door of the place the Kaid el habs, the jailer, was sitting on a mattress, which served him for chair by day and bed by night. He was amusing himself with a gimbril, playing loud or low according as the tumult was great or little which came from the other side of a barred and knotted doorway behind him, some four feet high, and having a round peephole in the upper part of it. On the wall above hung leather thongs, and a long Reefian flintlock stood in the corner.

At Israel's approach there were some facetious comments between the jailer and the guard. Why the gimbril? Was he practising for the fires of Jehunnum? Was he to fiddle for the Jinoon? Well, what was a man to do while the dogs inside were snarling? Were the thongs for the correction of persons lacking understanding? Why, yes, everybody knew their old saying, "A hint to the wise, a blow to the fool."

A bunch of great keys rattled, the low doorway was thrown open, Israel stooped and went in, the door closed behind him, the footsteps of the guard went off, and the twang of the gimbril began again.

The prison was dark and noisome, some sixty feet long by half as many broad, supported by arches resting on rotten

pillars, lighted only by the narrow clefts at either end, exuding damp from its walls, dropping moisture from its roof, its air full of vermin, and its floor reeking of filth. And only less horrible than the prison itself was the condition of the prisoners. Nearly all wore iron manacles on their legs, and some were shackled to the pillars. At one side a little group of them—they were Shereefs from Wazan—were conversing eagerly and gesticulating wildly; and at the other side a larger company—they were Jews from Fez—were languidly twisting palmetto leaves into the shape of baskets. Four Berbers at the farther end were playing cards, and two Arabs that were chained to a column near the door were squatted on the ground with a battered old draughtboard between them. From both groups of players came loud shouts and laughter and a running fire of expostulation and of indignant and sarcastic comment. Down went the card with triumphant bangs, and the moves of the "dogs" were like lightning. First a mocking voice: "You call yourself a player! There!—there!—there!" Then a meek, piping tone: "So—so—verily, you are my master. Well, let us praise Allah for your wisdom." But soon a wild burst of irony: "You are like him who killed the dog and fell into the river. See! thus I teach you to boast over your betters! I shave your beard! There!—there!—and there!"

In the middle of the reeking floor—so placed that the thin shaft of light from the clefts at the ends might fall on them—a barber-doctor was bleeding a youth from a vein in the arm. "We're all having it done," he was saying. "It's good for the internals. I did it to a shipload of pilgrims once." A wild-looking creature sat in a corner—he was a saint, a mad-man, of the sect of the Darkaoo—rocking himself to and fro, and crying "Allah! All-lah! All-l-lah! All-l-l-lah!" Near to this person a haggard old man of the Grega sect was shaking and dancing at his prayers. And not far from either a Mukaddam, a high-priest of the Aissa brotherhood—a juggler who had travelled through the country with a lion by a halter—was singing a frantic mockery of a Christian hymn to a tune that he had heard on the coast.

Such was the scene of Israel's imprisonment, and such were the companions that were to share it. There had been a moment's pause in the clamour of their babel as the door opened and Israel entered. The prisoners knew him and they were aghast. Every eye looked up and every mouth was agape. Israel stood for a time with the closed door behind him. He looked around, made a step forward, hesitated, seemed to peer vainly through the darkness for bed or mattress, and then sat down helplessly by a pillar on the ground.

A young negro in a coarse jellab went up to him and offered a bit of bread: "Hungry, brother? No?" said the youth. "Cheer up, Sidi! No good letting the donkey ride on your head!"

This person was the Irishman of the company—a happy, reckless, facetious dog, who had lost little save his liberty and cared nothing for his life, but laughed and cheated and joked and made doggerel songs on any disaster that befell them. He made one song on himself—

El Arby was a black man,
They called him "Larby Kosk":
He loved the wives of the Kasba,
And stole slippers in the Mosque.

Israel was stunned. Since his arrest he had scarcely spoken. "Stay here," he had said to Naomi when the first outburst of her grief was quelled; "never leave this place. Whatever they say, stay here. I will come back." After that he had been like a man who was dumb. Neither insult nor tyranny had availed to force a word or a cry out of him. He had walked on in silence doggedly, hardly once glancing up into the faces of his guard, and never breaking his fast save with a draught of water by the way.

At Shawan, as elsewhere in Barbary, the prisoners were supported by their own relatives and friends, and on the day after Israel's arrival a number of women and children came to the prison with provisions. It was a wild and gruesome scene that followed. First, the frantic search of the prisoners for their wives and sons and daughters, and their wild shouts as each found his own. "Blessed be God! She's here! here!" Then the maddening cries of the prisoners whose relatives had not come. "My Aeysha! Where is she? Curses on her mother! Why isn't she here?" After that the shrieks of despair from such as learned that their breadwinners were dying off one by one. "Dead, you say?" "Dead!" "No, no!" "Yes, yes!" "No, no, I say!" "I say yes! God forgive me! died last week. But don't you die too. Here, take this bag of zummetta." Then inquiries after absent children. "Little Selam, where is he?" "Begging in Tetuan." "Poor boy! poor boy! And pretty M.barka, what of her?" "Alas! M.barka's a public woman now in Hoolia's house at Marrakesh. No, don't curse her, Jillali: the poor child was driven to it. What were we to do with the children crying for bread? And then there was nothing to fetch you this journey, Jillali." "I'll not eat it now it's brought. My boy a beggar and my girl a harlot! By Allah! May the Kaid that keeps me here roast alive in the fires of hell!" Then, apart in one quiet corner, a young Moor of Tangier eating rice out of the lap of his beautiful young wife. "You'll not be long coming again, dearest?" he whispers. She wipes her eyes and stammers, "No—that is—well"—"What's amiss?" "Alee, I must tell you"—"Well?" "Old Aaron Zaggoory says I must marry him, or he'll see that both of us starve." "Allah! And you—you?" "Don't look at me like that, Alee; the hunger is on me, and whatever happens I can love nobody else"—"Curses on Aaron Zaggoory! Curses on you! Curses on everybody!"

No one had come with food for Israel, and seeing this, 'Larby, the negro, swaggered up to him, singing a snatch and offering a round cake of bread—

Rusks are good and kaks are sweet,
And kesko is both drink and meat;
It's this for now, and that for then,
But khalia still for married men.

"You're like me, Sidi," he said; "you want nothing," and he made an upward movement of his forefinger to indicate his trust in Providence. That was the gay rascal's way of saying that he stole from the meat bags of his comrades while they slept.

"No? Fasting yet?" he said, and went off singing as he came—

It will make your ladies love you;
It will make them coo and kiss

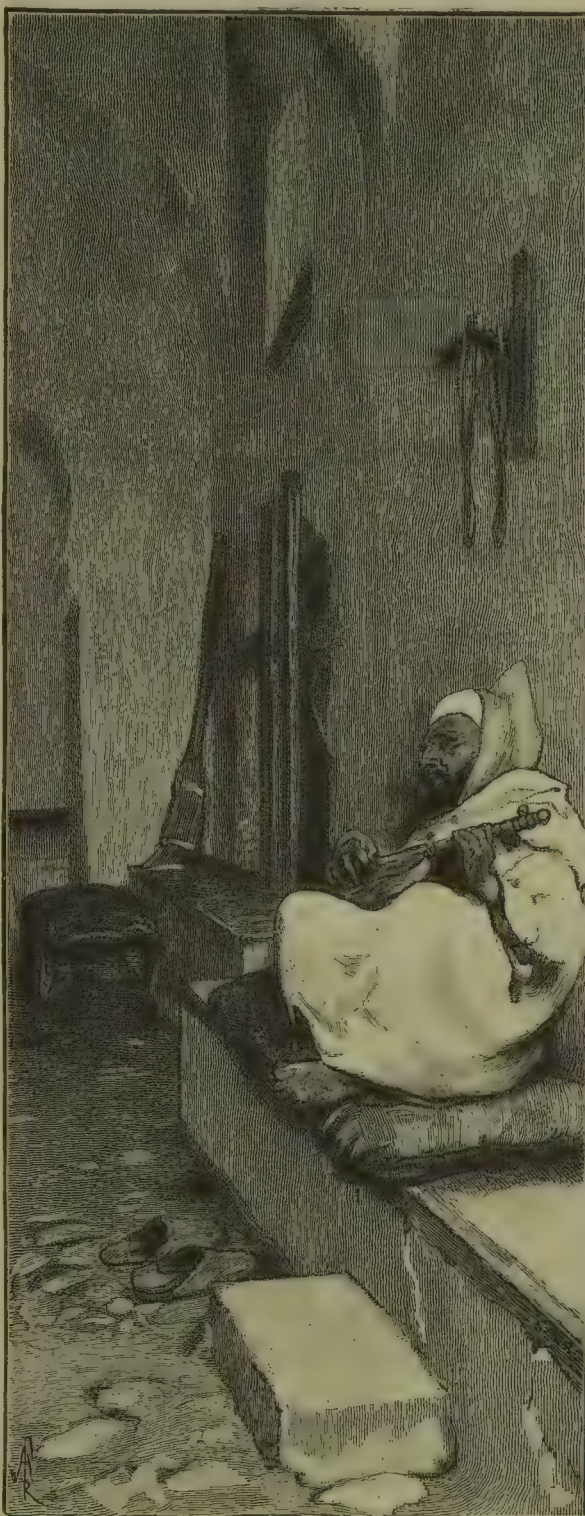
"What?" he shouted to someone across the prison, "Eating khalia in the bird-cage? Bad, bad, bad!"

All this came to Israel's mind through thick waves of half-consciousness, but with his heart he heard nothing, or the very air of the place must have poisoned him. He sat by the pillar at which he had first placed himself, and hardly ever rose from it. With great slow eyes he gazed on at everything, but nothing did he see. Sometimes he had the look of one who listens, but never did he hear. Thus in silence and languor he passed from day to day, and from night to night, scarcely sleeping, rarely eating, and seeming always to be waiting, waiting, waiting.

Fresh prisoners came at short intervals, and then only was Israel's interest awakened. One question he asked of all. "Where from?" If they answered from Fez, from Wazan, from Mequinez, or from Marrakesh, Israel turned aside and left them without more words. Then to his fellows they might pour out their woes in loud wails and curses, but Israel would hear no more.

Strangers from Europe travelling through the country were allowed to look into the prison through the round peephole of the door kept by the Kaid el habs, who played the gimbri. The Jews who made baskets took this opportunity to offer their work for sale; and so that he might see the visitors and speak with them Israel would snatch up something and hang it out. Always his question was the same. "Where from last?" he would say, in English, or Spanish, or French, or Moorish. Sometimes it chanced that the strangers knew him. But he showed no shame. Never did their answers satisfy him. He would turn back to his pillar with a sigh.

Thus weeks went on, and Israel's face grew worn and tired. His fellow-prisoners began to show him deference in their own rude way. When he came among them at the first they had grinned and laughed a little. To do that was always the impulse of the poor souls, so miserably imprisoned, when a new comrade joined them. But the majesty and the suffering in Israel's face told on their hearts at last. He was a great man fallen; he had nothing left to him; not even bread to eat or



He was amusing himself with a gimbri.

water to drink. So they gathered about him and hit on a way to make him share their food. Bringing their sacks to his pillar, they stacked them about it, and asked him to serve out provisions to all, day by day, share and share alike. He was honest, he was a master, no one would steal from him, it was best, the stuff would last longest. It was a touching sight.

Still the old eagerness betrayed itself in Israel's weary manner as often as the door opened and fresh prisoners arrived. Once it happened that before he uttered his usual question he saw that the new-comers were from Tetuan, and then his restlessness was feverish. "When—were you—have you been of late?"—he stammered and seemed unable to go farther.

But the Tetawani knew and understood him. "No," said one in answer to the unspoken question, "Nor I," said another; "Nor I," said a third; "Nor I either," said a fourth, as Israel's rapid eyes passed down the line of them.

He turned away without a word more, sat down by the pillar and looked vacantly before him while the new prisoners told their story. Benaboo was a villain. The people of Tetuan had found him out. His wife was a harlot whose heart was a deep pit. Between them they were demoralising the entire bashalic. The town was worse than Sodom. Hardly a child in the streets was safe, and no woman, whether wife or daughter, whom God had made comely dare show herself on the roofs. Their own women had been carried off to the palace at the Kasba. That was why they themselves were there in prison.

This was about a month after the coming of Israel to Shawan. Then his reason began to unsettle. It was pitiful to see that he was conscious of the change that was befalling him. He wrestled with madness with all the strength of a

strong man. If it should fall upon him, where then would be his hope and outlook? His day would be done, his night would be closed in, he would be no more than a helpless log, rolling in an icebound sea, and when the thaw came—if it ever came—he would be only a broken, rudderless, sailless wreck. Sometimes he would swear at nothing and fling out his arms wildly, and then with a look of shame hang down his head and mutter, "No, no, Israel; no, no, no!"

Other prisoners arrived from Tetuan, and all told the same story. Israel listened to them with a stupid look, seeming hardly to hear the tale they told him. But one morning, as life began again for the day in that slimy eddy of life's ocean, everyone became aware that an awful change had come to pass. Israel's face had looked worn and tired before, but now it looked very old and faded. His black hair had been sprinkled with grey, and now it was white; and white also was his dark beard, which had suddenly grown long and ragged. But his eye glistened, and his teeth were aglitter in his open mouth. He was laughing at everything, yet not wildly, not recklessly, not without meaning or intention, but with the cheer of a happy and contented man.

Israel was mad, and his madness was a moving thing to look upon. He thought he was back at home and a rich man still, as he had been in earlier days, but a generous man also, as he was in later ones. With liberal hand he was dispensing his charities.

"Take what you need; eat, drink, do not stint; there is more where this has come from; it is not mine; God has lent it me for all."

With such words, graciously spoken, he served out the provisions according to his habit, and only departed from his daily custom in piling the measures higher, and in saluting the people by titles—Sid, Sidi, Mulai, and the like—in degree as their clothes were poor and ragged. It was a mad heart that spoke so, but also it was a big one.

From that time forward he looked upon the prisoners as his guests, and when fresh prisoners came to the prison he always welcomed them as if he were host there and they were friends who visited him. "Welcome!" he would say, "You are very welcome. The place is your own. Take all. What you don't see, believe we have not got it. A thousand, thousand welcomes home!" It was grim and painful irony.

Israel's comrades began to lose sense of their own sufferings in observing the depth of his, and they laid their heads together to discover the cause of his madness. The most part of them concluded that he was repining for the loss of his former state. And when one day another prisoner came from Tetuan with further tales of the Basha's tyranny, and of the people's shame at thought of how they had dealt by Israel, the prisoners led the man back to where Israel was standing in the accustomed act of dispensing bounty, that he might tell his story into the rightful ears.

"They're always crying for you," said the Tetawani, "Israel ben Olliel! Israel ben Olliel!" that's what you hear in the mosques and the streets everywhere. "Shame on us for casting him out, shame on us! He was our father!" Jews and Moslemeen, they're all saying so.

It was useless. The glad tidings could not find their way. That black page of Israel's life which told of the people's ingratitude was sealed in the book of memory. Israel laughed. What could his good friend mean? Behold! was he not rich? Had he not troops of comrades and guests about him?

The prisoners turned aside, baffled and done. At length one man—it was no other than 'Larby, the wastrel—drew some of them apart, and said, "You are all wrong. It's not his former state that he's thinking of. I know what it is—who knows so well as I? Listen! you hear his laughter! Well, he must weep, or he will be mad for ever. He must be made to weep. Yes, by Allah! and I must do it."

That same night, when darkness fell over the dark place, and the prisoners tied up their cotton headkerchiefs and lay down to sleep, 'Larby sat beside Israel's place with sighs and moans and other symptoms of a dejected air.

"Sidi, master," he faltered, "I had a little brother once, and he was blind. Born blind, Sidi, my own mother's son. But you wouldn't think how happy he was for all that? You see, Sidi, he never missed anything, and so his little face was like laughing water! By Allah! I loved that boy better than all the world! Women? Why—well, never mind! He was six and I was eighteen, and he used to ride on my back! Black curls all over, Sidi, and big white eyes that looked at you for all they couldn't see. Well, a bleeder came from Soos—curse his great-grandfather! Looked at little Hosau—'Scenes!' said he—burn his father!—'Bleed him and he'll see!' So they bled him, and he did see. By Allah! yes, for a minute—half a minute! 'Oh, 'Larby!' he cried, I was holding him—then he—he—'Larby,' he cried, faint like a lamb that's lost in the mountains—and then—and then—'Oh, oh, 'Larby!' he moaned. Sidi, Sidi, I paid that bleeder—there and then—this way! That's why I'm here!"

It was a lie, but 'Larby acted it so well that his voice broke in his throat, and great drops fell from his eyes on to Israel's hand.

The effect on Israel himself was strange and even startling. While 'Larby was speaking he was beating his forehead and mumbling: "Where? When? Naomi!" as if grappling for lost treasures in an ebbing sea. And when 'Larby finished, he fell on him with reproaches. "And you are weeping for that?" he cried. "You think it much that the sweet child is dead—God rest him! So it is to the like of you, but look at me!"

His voice betrayed a grim pride in his miseries. "Look at me! Am I weeping? No, I would scorn to weep. But I have more cause a thousandfold. Listen! Once I was rich, but what were riches without children? Hard bread with no water for sop. I asked God for a child. He gave me a daughter, but she was born blind and dumb and deaf. I asked God to take my riches and give her hearing. He gave her hearing, but what was hearing without speech? I asked God to take all I had and give her speech. He gave her speech, but what was speech without sight? I asked God to take my place from me and give her sight. He gave her sight, and I was cast out of the town like a beggar. What matter? She had all, and I was forgiven. But when I was happy, when I was content, when she filled my heart with sunshine, God snatched me away from her. And where is she now? Yonder, alone, friendless, a child new-born into the world, at the mercy of liars and libertines. And where am I? Here, like a beast in a trap, uttering abortive groans, toothless, stupid, powerless, mad. No, no, not mad either! Tell me, boy, I've not been mad!"

In the breaking waters of his madness he was struggling like a drowning man. "Yet I do not weep," he cried, in a thick voice. "God has a right to do what He likes. He gave her to me for seventeen years. If she dies she'll be mine again soon. Only if she lives—only if she falls into evil hands—Tell me, have I been mad?"

He gave no time for an answer. "Naomi!" he cried, and the name broke in his throat. "Where are you now? What has—who have—your father is thinking of you—he is—No, I will not weep. You see I have good cause, but I tell you I will never weep. God has a right—Naomi!—Na!"

The name thickened to a sob as he repeated it, and then suddenly he rose and cried in an awful voice, "Oh, I'm a

fool! God has done nothing for me. Why should I do anything for God? He has taken all I had. He has taken my child. I have nothing more to give Him but my life. Let Him take that too. Take it, I beseech Thee!" he cried—the vault of the prison rang—"Take it and set me free!"

But at the next moment he had fallen back to his place, and was sobbing like a little child. The other prisoners had risen in their amazement, and 'Larby, who was shedding hot tears over his cold ones, was capering down the floor, and singing, "El Arby was a black man."

Then there was a rattling of keys, and suddenly a flood of light shot into the dark place. The Kaid el habs was bringing a courier, who carried an order for Israel's release. Abderrahman, the Sultan, was to keep the feast of the Mulud at Tetuan, and Benaboo, to celebrate the visit, has pardoned Israel.

It was coals of fire on Israel's head. "God is good," he muttered. "I shall see her again. Yes, God has a right to do as He likes. I shall see her soon. God is wise beyond all wisdom. I must lose no time. Jailer, can I leave the town to-night? I wish to start on my journey. To-night?—yes, to-night! Are the gates open? No? You will open them? You are very good. Everybody is very good. God is good. God is mighty."

Then half in shame, and partly as apology for his late intemperate outburst, with a simpleness that was almost childish, he said: "A man's a fool when he loses his only child. I don't mean by death. Time heals that. But the living child—oh, it's an unending pain! You would never think how happy we were. Her pretty ways were all my joy. Yes, for her voice was music and her breath was like the dawn. Do you know, I was very fond of the little one—I was quite miserable if I lost sight of her for an hour. And then to be wrenched away! . . . But I must hasten back. The little

trippers from all points of the compass. You see every degree and shade of sun-burnt farmers and their families, from the semi-Italianised agriculturists of Savoy and the Midi to the curiously English-looking Normandy peasants, their picturesque caps and distinctive costumes proudly discarded (as a tribute to civilisation) in favour of gawky and ugly imitations of Paris costumes. But the eager babel and delight of these plain country folk are genuine. On the paper rolls reserved for visitors' autographs at the top of the tower appears the following suggestive record: "A mother of a family has enjoyed this day immensely. So delighted [the italics are touching] to get rid of her four brats [marmots]." On the other hand, a Marseilles excursionist is somewhat less enthusiastic: "The Eiffel Tower is well enough in its way, but not to be compared to the Cannebière." Crowds of signatures and comments of every kind are scored all over the papers, and at the end of the time these sheets (appalling thought!) are to be bound up to form a Broddingnagian album.

An undoubted success was achieved by Mr. Daly's New York comedy company during their brief round of performances at the Vaudeville. The theatre was crammed every night. Probably "The School for Scandal" was the most praiseworthy effort from an artistic point of view. Miss Ada Rehan is so well known to London audiences that her merits require no comment, but, Sheridan's play never having been given before by this company either in Paris or London, it may be remarked that her impersonation of Lady Teazle was delightfully fresh and vivacious, and in the screen-scene she combined dignity with true pathos.

A clever comedy, "Madame Agnès," by M. Berr de Tunique, has been brought out at the Gymnase, the point of the plot hinging on the production of a compromising letter couched in terms of strong affection and addressed

in this exhibition, but it has rather run riot in the direction of drinks. The number of bars where sirens loudly vie in bidding you taste chocolate, coffee, cider, champagne, sherry, claret, bouillon, and last, but not least, the homely "bock" of Bavarian beer, is simply bewildering. This peculiar outlet of enterprise and industry culminates in the automatic bar, where numberless beverages can be had for a penny apiece. You put ten centimes in the slot sacred to "your own particular vanity," as Mr. Weller would say, and hold your glass for the results. A few days since the King of Servia and the ex-King Milan sampled the stores. The boy-monarch is said to have selected lemonade, and to have fully appreciated the beverage.

C. B.

RATNAGIRI, WESTERN INDIA.

The name Ratnagiri—thus officially corrected from the old English spelling, "Ratnagerry"—signifies "Hill of Gems." It is that of a town and ancient ruined fortress on the western sea-coast of India, nearly two hundred miles south of Bombay, and a hundred miles north of Goa, loosely speaking, with an extensive Collectorate district stretching 167 miles from north to south, in the Bombay Presidency, being part of the narrow strip of coast-lands called the Concan, between the Western Ghats and the ocean. A view of this place, with its picturesque headlands, from on board a passing steam-vessel, is presented in our Illustration. The lower country produces rice and grain, which are readily conveyed to market by barges on the numerous creeks, but the inland communications over the Ghats to the upper country, with two or three exceptions, are not passable for bullock-carts, and pack-bullocks are much used in some districts. The roads north-east to Sattara and to the Deccan, over



RATNAGIRI, BOMBAY PRESIDENCY, INDIA.

one will be waiting. Yes, I know quite well, she'll be looking out from the door in the sunshine when she awakes in the morning. It's always the way of these tender creatures, is it not? So we must humour them. Yes, yes, that's so, that's so."

His fellow-prisoners stood around him, each in his night-headkerchief knotted under his chin—gaunt, hooded figures, in the shifting light of the jailer's lantern.

"Farewell, brothers!" he cried; and one by one they touched his hand and brought it to their breasts.

"Farewell, master!" "Peace, Sidi!" "Farewell!" "Peace!" "Farewell!"

The light shot out; the door clapsed back; there were footsteps going off outside; two loud bangs as of a closing gate, and then silence—empty and ghostly.

In the darkness the hooded figures stood a moment, listening, and then a croaking, breaking, husky, merry voice began to sing—

El Arby was a black man,
They called him "Larby Kosk":
He loved the wives of the Kasha,
And stole slippers in the mosque.

(To be continued.)

A LETTER FROM PARIS.

Paris is simply thronged with excursionists, provincial and foreign. Along every street you encounter them, the unmistakable slowly sauntering knot of pedestrians, armed with the inevitable Baedeker, its obtrusive redness often coyly veiled 'neath a calico cover of dark neutral tint. But while the Americans and British are mostly in evidence in the Avenue de l'Opéra, the Rue de Rivoli, and the Boulevards, for a good opportunity of studying French provincial types one ought to visit the Eiffel Tower on a Sunday morning, when the charge is reduced to two francs, and the cheap excursion tickets (including ascent of the tower) bring

to a young and newly married wife, which letter the husband fails to recognise as one from his own pen. The piece is both ingenious and witty, and Mr. Daly has been enterprising enough to secure the right of representing the play in the United States.

France has been well represented in the Oriental Congress which has just come to a conclusion in London. Although the pundits who preside over the destinies of Asiatic learning in England appear to have fallen out with one another over the question of a London Congress in 1891, these domestic misunderstandings raised but a faint echo across the Channel, and Professors Oppert, Cordier, Aymonier, Beauregard, H. Derenbourg, Amélineau, Claine, and numerous other French scholars have contributed valuable papers, as, indeed, they might be relied upon to do wherever a chance might present itself of promoting Oriental research and learning.

The death of the painter Augustin Théodule Ribot has removed an artist whose characteristic method and style possessed a distinct and somewhat gloomy realism of their own, inasmuch that his critics used to accuse him of painting "coal-whippers," a charge partly called forth by the homely subjects which he first affected, as, for example, the "Cuisiniers," which made his name at the Salon of 1861. Later on his art took a higher flight, and his "St. Sebastian," "Jesus and the Doctors," "The Samaritan," and "La Comptabilité" show great force and general merit. At the time of the war Ribot's studio was broken into and his pictures burnt during his absence in Brittany; but, undeterred by this terrible loss, he set to work in a new villa at Colombes, where he devoted himself faithfully to the pursuit of his art, and where he died on Sept. 11 at the age of sixty-eight.

There is an interesting "Exposition de Travail" at present installed at the Palais d'Industrie in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, the premises devoted during the season to the badly hung and too often, alas! indifferently painted pictures of the Salon. Industry is certainly to the fore

the Mahabulishwar range and by the Khoombarlee Ghaut, are kept in good repair, as well as that of the Anuskooa Ghaut, leading to Rajapur, a town of some trade, and the road to Malwan, at the southern extremity of this territory. Improvements of this kind are not neglected by the Bombay Government, despite the natural obstacles, which are here considerable.

POLO-PLAYING.

The introduction of polo, which has been called "hockey on horseback," into the exercise-grounds of our own country began not much above twenty years ago. It was imported, we think, by the officers of a light cavalry regiment which had been serving in India. It has long been practised by native horsemen in many parts of India; but Manipur, a province far outside of what is properly called Hindostan, yet inhabited by a ruling class of Hindoo race, claims to be, "par excellence," the abode of polo-players versed in the original traditions of the game. The Manipur breed of strong ponies, also, qualified perhaps by heredity, is much in demand for this purpose in Bengal; also the Burmese ponies. Yet in England, since the pastime came into fashion here, superior capacity has been found in small thoroughbred horses, which carry men of heavy weight at full speed, while a cross between the full-blooded horse and the hardy Exmoor pony raises an efficient polo-steed for riders of ten stone. The pony must be able to make the sharpest turns, right or left, with extreme quickness and precision, and to stop very suddenly, guided as much by the pressure of the leg as by the simple bit that is worn. As for the rider, when he can depend on his steed, which really seems often to follow the ball intelligently, his own eye and hand must be skilful to make the stroke, and a good firm seat on horseback is the indispensable condition for polo. The Anglo-Indian "pig-sticker" should be as well prepared as any man for these equestrian manoeuvres; but much expertness is shown by many gentlemen here who have diligently practised the game.



POLO PLAYING.

THE MANUFACTURE OF LITERARY GOODS.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Bookmakers—meaning the supposed adventurers and gamblers who make up betting-books—suffer, like other varieties of folk, from hasty and injurious generalisation. It is possible to live an orderly and sober life, to put nothing at hazard, to gamble not at all, and yet to be a bookmaker. Figure to yourself a man whose home is a trim suburban villa, set in pretty flower-beds and beautifully and bountifully curtained; whose wife is all neatness without, all snugness, warmth, and contentment within; whose children are as much under wing and as carefully reared as any other little brood in the vicinity; who is himself a most likely-looking man—trim as his villa, bright as his garden, happy as his wife, and hardly more given to strong waters, strong language, or any other objectionable thing (always excepting betting itself, even though it be without hazard) than his cheery Dick or his rosy Ethel Maud. This may be a bookmaker; and if you knew how he makes up his books you would know that there is much less gambling in it than in the most careful time-bargain for grain or spices. Indeed, though he makes a book for every race of the season he never risks a shilling; for, with a good head for arithmetic, it is possible to arrange a series of bets in such a way that while there are various chances of gain there can be no loss. If all such wagering were made on the same system, of course that result could not happen; but then it is not.

By some perversity, which I cannot explain, I think of this perfectly contented and prosperous person, not much more blamable than the Mark Lane dealer in time-bargains nor very differently occupied, whenever I also think of the multitude of writers for the Press. It is not generally known that the supply of printed matter of one kind and another has grown and grown till it has become one of the greatest industries of the country. Agriculture ranks before it, no doubt; and the cotton trade, and mining; but add up the number of men employed in paper-making, machine-making, type-founding, printing, book-binding, the writing of newspapers, the writing of books and magazines, the distribution of magazines, books, and newspapers, and I warrant that here will be found nowadays an industry not very far behind the first rank. And all begins with the supply of the written sheet. The manuscript must be provided before the paper-maker and printer are called upon; and, though a vast proportion of it is torn from the note-books of reporters, yet these have naught to do with the reviews, the magazines, the books that stream from the press in hundreds every month, nor with the masses of criticism and description that are taken into the newspapers day by day. Authorship of some kind must go to the furnishing of these heaps of matter, and so it is that "writing" is adopted as a trade by numbers of men and women who have no vocation for it whatever. Calling, inspiration, direction, they have none; whilst as for equipment, all is comprised in a share of the opinions and the tastes of the day, a store of reading almost as fruitless as the little heaps of grain that lie in neglected corners of a barn, and acquaintance with the use of pen and ink. But there is a large market for writing; nearly every A knows a B who makes money by it; and so it is taken up by hundreds of ladies and gentlemen who are themselves aware that natural qualification has no voice in directing them to the business. When they put themselves to the test, they find that photography, dentistry, make quite as urgent a call upon their faculties; but then occupations like these need training and capital, and they cannot be taken up and dropped again so easily as "writing for the Press."

Now, there is such a thing as calling without capacity. Many an unfortunate has felt within himself not only the stir of literary ambition, but has also felt the mustering of ideas, thoughts, imaginings that warrant a man in saying "I will write; I will be an author." And then what will happen to such a man but this? He will pour out his mind in prose or verse, reading each page as he fills it in a dream-light cast from his own eyes—a light in which every word is falsely glorified. He rejoices in meanings which no one else can see, and in music that no one else can hear. These, perhaps, are still in his own mind, and his bits of composition sing back to him in full true harmony enough when he reads them. All illusion! The calling clear enough—capacity quite inadequate; and the editor of this Journal could tell how sad it is to deal with such cases when they present themselves in his office. Rejection there must be. With explanation of the why and wherefore? If so, the more kindly the explanation is felt to be, the more complete is the uprooting of hopes and pleasures which may not be easily replaced. Without explanation? Then suspicions of dullness, of harshness, of jealous suppression arise; and it is bad enough for Conscious Genius to fancy itself the victim of neglect and nothing worse, especially when Conscious Genius is poor. But however irksome it may be to fling out a rejecting hand toward ambition and self-belief without ability, it is all in the natural course of things. This is part of the sifting which an editor undertakes, and which has its pleasures as well as its pains. But as to the irruption of respectable educated persons who take to writing without either call or capacity, who have hardly a choice between one word and another, and who never had so much of literary emotion in them as the saddest of Fleet Street failures, it is a most afflictive novelty. With a little experience and a little imagination, you may see scores of them in their suburban villas or other serene abodes, punctually sitting down to a quire of foolscap every day, with some choice of a subject suggested by the season or "a recent controversy." Strictly imitative political articles, strictly imitative social sketches, humorous disquisitions in the popular vein (whatever that may happen to be) are traced out upon the paper by hands that are never hastened by a quickening idea nor stopped for anything but resort to a dictionary. Apparently unconscious of any difference between their work and the more genuine article, the writers of this saltless stuff pack it up and pack it off to unhappy editors, who receive it in heaps. Send it back seven times, and yet an eighth parcel will appear, directed upon an assumption that not the producer but the particular production was at fault those other times. Some of it must be taken—evidently must; for how otherwise is the thousand of newspaper columns to be filled every day and every week? But as a manufacture, not even the division-of-labour workmanship for which our furniture-makers are famous is so unlovely and disheartening.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

JULIA SHORT (Exeter).—You unfortunately had a reply given you which was palpably incorrect. The answer to P to Q Kt 5th is 2. Q to Q B sq, and mate must follow.

F G TUCKER (Bristol).—Kindly send us your address, for we wish to communicate with you direct.

V CRANE.—Your problem, though neat, is too easy for our use.

P H WILLIAMS (Hampstead).—On carefully considering your two-mover, we think it deficient in force, though fairly pretty. We would therefore prefer a stronger example of your skill.

Mrs W J BAIRD (Brighton).—Your note was partly anticipated in our last issue; for the rest we are obliged.

R KELLY (of Kelly).—Amended version to hand.

DR F ST AND OTHERS.—In No. 2474, after 1. B to R 6th, K to B 5th is a sufficient defence, as no mate follows in two moves.

L DESANGES (Genoa).—Your last contribution has been mislaid, but we should like to see the two-mover you spoke about. The solution of No. 2474 by Q to B sq is frustrated by K to Q 4th.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2469 received from Adolph Michelis (New York); of No. 2470 from Charles Burnett; of No. 2471 from T H P (Dursley), T G (Ware), and T Roberts; of No. 2472 from W B B, W Barrett, Charles Burnett, and Sidney Fell; of No. 2473 from Columbus, W R Rallem, W Barrett, Captain J A Challice, Fr Fernando (Dublin), W C Bennett (Clewes), and M E A.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2474 received from E E H, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Charles Burnett, T G (Ware), A Gwinner, Martin F, W R B (Plymouth), J Coad, J D Tucker (Leeds), A Newman, R H Brooks, H Johnson, M Burke, H S Brandreth, Dawn, Alpha, Shadforth, W H Reed (Liverpool), L Schlu (Vienna), G Joyce, T Roberts, R Walters (Canterbury), R Loudon, Fr Fernando (Dublin), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Sorrento (Dawlish), J F Moon, and Howich.

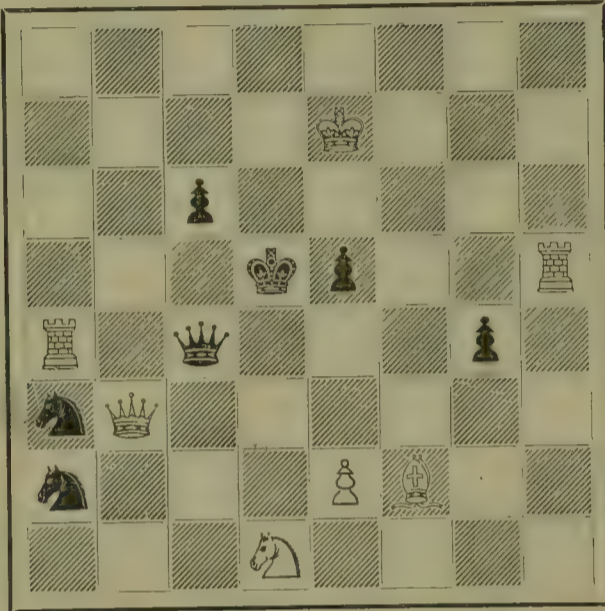
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2472.—By H. F. L. MEYER.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to K Kt sq. Any move.
2. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2476.

By F. J. MIDDLEMIST.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played at Purcell's between Mr. JASNOGRODSKY and Mr. O. (Sicilian.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. O.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. O.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	19. P takes P	P takes P
2. Q Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	20. Q to R 6th	K to B 2nd
3. K Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	21. Q to R 7th (ch)	K to K 3rd
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	22. Q takes Kt P	K to Q 2nd
5. Kt takes P	B to Kt 2nd	23. Q to B 5th (ch)	K to Q 2nd
6. B to K 3rd	P to Q 3rd	24. Q to K 6th	Q to B sq
7. B to Q Kt 5th	P to Q 2nd	25. Q takes Q	K takes Q
8. Castles	K Kt to B 3rd	26. P to K Kt 3rd	K to Q 2nd
9. P to K B 4th		27. K to Kt 2nd	R to Q B sq
		28. P to Q B 3rd	R to Q B 5th
		29. K to K B 3rd	P to K B 4th

A slip, of which his opponent avails himself promptly. Instead of 10. Q to Q 3rd, Kt takes Kt gives rise to some interesting variations: 10. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 11. B to Q 4th; if now Black plays P to K 4th, then follows P takes P. Black's best move is probably 11. B takes B.

9. K Kt to Kt 5th
Kt takes B
Kt takes R
Q takes B
B takes Kt (ch)
Castles (Kt)
Q R to K sq
Time and inefficient. We should have preferred P to K B 3rd, followed by K to Kt 2nd.

16. P to K B 5th
Q to B 3rd
In order to force an exchange of Queens next move.

17. K to R sq
Q to B 4th
18. Q to Q 2nd
P to K B 3rd

The following chess puzzle by Mr. S. Loyd was given to a recent meeting in America, and is now attracting much attention in chess circles here. We shall be pleased to acknowledge solutions, but must warn intending solvers to look before they leap—
White: K at K Kt 3rd, Q at Q B 8th, B at Q R 8th, Ps at Q 2nd, Q Kt 4th, Q Kt 5th, Q R 2nd, and Q R 3rd.
Black: K at K R 8th, Q at K R 4th, R at K B 4th, Ps at K 2nd, K Kt 2nd, and K R 3rd.
White has moved, and Black resigns. What was White's move?

The following problem by Mrs. W. J. Baird took the first prize for three-movers in the *Suisse Chess Journal* competition. Our esteemed contributor was also the winner of the second prize for two-movers under the same auspices—

White: K at Q R 7th, Q at K R 6th, B at Q Kt 7th, Kts at Q R 2nd and Q Kt 2nd, Ps at K R 2nd, K Kt 4th, K 6th, Q B 5th, and Q R 3rd.
Black: K at K 4th, B at K Kt sq, Kt at Q B 8th, Ps at K R 2nd, K R 5th, and K Kt 4th.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The following problem by Mrs. W. J. Baird took the first prize for three-movers in the *Suisse Chess Journal* competition. Our esteemed contributor was also the winner of the second prize for two-movers under the same auspices—

White: K at Q R 7th, Q at K R 6th, B at Q Kt 7th, Kts at Q R 2nd and Q Kt 2nd, Ps at K R 2nd, K Kt 4th, K 6th, Q B 5th, and Q R 3rd.
Black: K at K 4th, B at K Kt sq, Kt at Q B 8th, Ps at K R 2nd, K R 5th, and K Kt 4th.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

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LITERARY GOSSIP.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the accomplished editor of the *British Weekly* and the *Expositor*, is about to add yet another to the many purely literary journals at present before the public. The *Bookman*, the first number of which appears in October, is, he explains in an interesting prospectus, in no sense a rival to the *Athenæum*, the *Academy*, and the *Literary World*, our three English book journals; nor is it a competitor with the book-trade organs, the *Publishers' Circular* and the *Bookseller*. It may rather, I judge, be described as a literary *Truth*—a monthly publication on the lines of the *New Journalism*, with all the adjuncts of gossip and interviews. The list of contributors includes Hall Caine, J. M. Barrie, Walter Pater, and Edward Dowden, but there is more novelty in the promise of articles "from behind a bookseller's counter." The proposal to read and pass judgment on all manuscripts sent by young authors, without the guinea fee demanded by the Authors' Society, will cheer the heart of the too sensitive editor, who may henceforth commend his rejected contributors to the paternal care of the *Bookman*.

Messrs. Longmans have made arrangements with the Earl of Dysart—not the Earl of Desart, as was erroneously stated in our last issue—to publish almost immediately the late Mr. Ferdinand Praeger's "Wagner as I Knew Him."

Thanks to Mr. Grant Allen and Mr. W. D. Howells' enthusiastic praise, Mr. William Watson's little volume of poems is on the eve of a third edition. It will be issued by Mr. William Heinemann, and not, as hitherto, by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

One of the most interesting of Messrs. Macmillan's announcements is that of Mrs. J. R. Green's "English Towns in the Fifteenth Century." Mrs. Green is following her husband's ideal—the ideal embodied in his "History of the English People." We want to know more about the actual life of the people in the towns and villages of England in days long ago, and that is a subject with which few of our historians have endeavoured to deal. Mr. Froude and Mr. Gardiner have written the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries entirely from the ambassadors' despatches. What would the history of England in the nineteenth century look like if written from the despatches of our representatives abroad and the letters of Foreign Office clerks? Mrs. Green's book will, it may be hoped, give some additional impetus to the study of city and town records.

Nevertheless, we would not willingly miss the fascinating history of England under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth which Mr. Froude has given us, and the conscientious account of England under James I. and Charles I. which we owe to Mr. Gardiner. It is interesting, therefore, to note among Messrs. Longmans' announcements the concluding volume of Mr. Gardiner's "History of the Civil War" and Mr. Froude's "Divorce of Catherine of Aragon," which the historian intends as a supplement to his "History."

Mr. Hall Caine's story at present appearing in this Journal is pronounced by the *Jewish Chronicle* and the *Jewish Quarterly Review* as "wonderfully true and faithful to the life, faith, and manners of the Jews of Morocco"; and by the *Publishers' Circular* as "the best thing its author has yet done—the sweetest, the tenderest, the most spiritual, the most truly imaginative, and, in points at least, the most dramatic."

The Italian poet-dramatist, Giacosa, has written, in French, for Sarah Bernhardt, a play called "La Dame de Challant," which under the auspices of the great actress will make its début in America, since no Italian *impresario* has been found willing to give it a place upon the Italian stage, fearing to run the risk of a costly failure in the production, that may not perchance appeal to the multitude. Desirous, nevertheless, of making his play known in his native land, Giacosa has initiated the idea—new for Italy at least—of making a tour throughout the various Italian cities and reading his drama before audiences. The scene is laid in the valley of Aosta, so beloved by the writer, and deals with a tale recorded in a mediæval chronicle of the loves and treacheries of a certain high-born dame. The facility with which the lady adopted a series of lovers, rejected and then murdered them, so that they would not be able to boast of the favours received, is told with brutal downright-ness by a contemporary monkish chronicler. Giacosa transfigures a nineteenth-century analytic interpretation into the coarse and repulsive tale of the lady's volatility and infidelity.

M. Jules Huret, a distinguished French journalist, has been making an inquiry as to what contemporary Continental writers think of literary evolution—in other words, what the modern author's views may be on the book of the future. Zola, in vigorous language, condemns the *symbolistes*, and believes that a wider, and therefore truer, naturalism will gain the day, while Edmond de Goncourt declares that the future literature of the world will consist of verse, and verse only, for he thinks that vulgar prose is doomed, and the novel as a medium for expression worked out utterly and absolutely. Jules Lemaitre and Anatole France sing joyfully the requiem of naturalism, and point out that the best work done by *les jeunes* has come from their camp, and bears the signatures of such men as Bourget and Pierre Loti. And Verlaine, who may be said to represent the *Décadent* school, believes that all literature reflects the world as it happens to be—thus now we are *en pleine décadence*, but the twentieth century may see a very different state of things and rejoice in a far more elevated literature.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS TO HAND.

"The Mischief of Monica," by L. B. Walford. (Longmans.)
"Livingstone and the Exploration of Central Africa," by H. H. Johnston. (G. Philip and Son.)
"Illustrated Guide to the Riviera." Eight new maps. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)
"Cassell's Storehouse of General Information." Vol. I, A to Beas. (Cassell and Co.)
"Life of James Boswell," by Percy Fitzgerald. Two vols. (Chatto and Windus.)
"The Brown Owl," a fairy story, by Ford H. Madox Hueffer—*The Children's Library*. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
"My Water Cure," by Sebastian Kneipp. Translated from the German. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)
"Ten Years of Upper Canada in Peace and War, 1805-15, being the Ridout Letters," with annotations by Matilda Edgar. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
"The Culture of Vegetables and Flowers," by Sutton and Sons, of Reading. Fifth edition. (Simpkin and Marshall.)
"The English Illustrated Magazine, 1890-91." (Macmillan.)
"In the Valley," by Harold Frederic. *Popular Edition*. (W. Heinemann.)

TOWROWS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The word towrow is apparently an intensive form of the word tourist. By substituting the affix "ow" for "ist," we obtain a term of increased and odious significance. A tourist is anybody who is not a native of a district, nor travelling on business, nor staying in a country-house with his friends, the aristocracy. In fact, a towrow is what the Americans call a summer visitor, for the towrow is not a winter bird in those latitudes. In winter, all of us who migrate and do not possess villas in alien lands may be styled towrows. The word is generally used as a term of contempt and distrust; as the same term in Latin once stood for stranger and for enemy. All towrows are enemies. It is pleasing to reflect that the Pope, if he notes a party of English marquises in the Vatican, may call them towrows—perhaps actually does so. In the same way, when Livingstone spied Stanley in the distance he would have said, had he used the modern dialect, "Beast of a towrow!" And in Hispaniola, when Columbus landed with his pleasure-party, the native Caciques may well have said, "Boatful of towrows!" Captain Cook, at first worshipped as a god, was finally regarded as a towrow, and treated as some regret that towrows may not be handled in Scotland.

These historical remarks may comfort some persons now sensitive to the reproach of Towrowism, and may remind the haughty dwellers in any land that they, too, are towrows when they migrate, just as in Scotland the Archbishop of Canterbury is a tolerated Dissenter. The towrow proper, however, is really capable of being a very noxious animal. The poet long ago spoke of the English with pride in their port, defiance in their eye. It was thus that he saw the lords of humankind pass by. We are no longer the lords of humankind, but our less educated and reflective citizens still behave as if they were, when on a holiday. They conduct themselves in Paris or Nice as if they were in a conquered city, not openly sacking it indeed, but behaving with boisterous and disdainful high spirits, swaggering, shouting, giggling at the poor foreigner, and demanding marmalade for breakfast. Nearer home, as in the Highlands, the towrow displays the same glorious pride. He is a high-handed invader. If there be a country-house which is open on show-days to his curiosity, or a park in which he is permitted to wander, he makes more than the most of his opportunity. Not content with shouting and tramping through the picture-galleries and libraries, the towrow flattens his nose against the windows of rooms where the family cowers in hiding. "My eye, Bill, 'ere's his boots!" a towrow has been heard to exclaim, as he scrutinised the bed-room of an unaffected earl. "Here they are, 'aving their teas and toastesses!" is a cry which will rally a horde of towrows round a drawing-room window. The towrow has come all the way from Middlesex to Caledonia, and no false delicacy prevents him from staring at quiet people as they partake of tea. Towrows will even pitch their own equipage in front of drawing-room windows, light a fire, and enjoy their own meal, without any disagreeable sense of intrusion. Yet, if a party of the high noblesse were to stare into the windows of the towrows, and smoke in their back gardens, uninvited, it is highly probable that they would be kicked out, and that the papers would ring with their insolence. The punishment and rebuke would be richly merited, but a squire would be blamed for aristocratic brutality if he requested a towrow to take "his shadow from the door," as Mr. Poe said to the raven. There is no equality in this matter. If he find a summer-house in a glen, the towrow will carve his name, that of his Harriet, and amatory remarks all over the doors and walls. He will cut his initials in turf, and burn them well in with gunpowder.

When he picnics, he leaves his greasy papers scattered all over the grass and among the bracken. One has known a towrow, finding a salmon-rod in a boat by the Tweed, to fish the cast with the greatest calmness. And this after erecting a bottle as a mark and pelting it with stones! Were I to mention the names of those illustrious in science and literature who took part in this hideous orgy, it would be plain that the spirit of Towrowism is no respecter of persons, but may animate the old, the cultivated, and the famous. For a towrow to enter a garden and eat the cherries and gooseberries is no unusual occurrence. Like St. Augustine in Carthage of old, he does not, perhaps, care so much for the fruit as for the "lark"—not that the saint actually employs the word *alanda* in his interesting confession. The towrow at home may be a harmless, unoffending person. We may be sure that he does not rob his next-door neighbour's garden, nor carve *graffiti* on his next-door neighbour's fence. When he is abroad and on a holiday, then all the ancient masterful spirit of our race breaks out, and he behaves like Gauls or Goths in Rome or Alexandria. It is a pity that he is not more refined; but even refinement, as we have seen, may break down under the influence of a picnic by the riverside; sportsmen may become poachers, and elderly glories of science may strew the gravel with broken glass. French, Dutch, Portuguese, and other tourists in England do not trample on all the decencies of life and box the police. It is only the English who thus misconduct themselves. The American confines his outrages to carving his name where it should not be, and perhaps to chipping off a few memorials of Scott or Shakspeare here and there. The carving of names is an abuse so ancient that it must be deeply rooted in our fallen nature. The Greek mercenaries of Psammetichus cut their names and addresses on the legs of a colossal figure at Abu Simbel, about 600 B.C. The amusement of their indolence is now historical; we learn that a Greek towrow could write at a very early period; but no student of our history three thousand years hence will need the penknife of the towrow on his neighbours' doors to assure him that elementary education was universal for our free but singularly mannerless country. That "twopence for manners," when will it be added to the rates? We all need it—above all, the free and independent towrow. If these reflections induce but one reader to ask himself, "Do I ever play the towrow?" and to repent if the answer be unsatisfactory, they are not indited in vain. For the rest, let us bury the sandwich-papers of the towrow wherever we find them disgracing a beautiful landscape.

NOTES AT THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWES, M.A.

Golden weather! Through the gaily decked streets and triumphal arches drove the Duke and Duchess of Teck on Sept. 8, with the pretty Princess "May," Lord Bateman occupying the fourth seat, and being in charge of the royal party. They did not arrive in time for the Rev. Chancellor Phillott's sermon in the cathedral, which ended with a very good appeal for the widows and orphans of the three dioceses, and was especially commended by the very Ven. and Hon. Dean Herbert (who must be a good judge of sermons by this time) for its high tone and the spiritual thrust it gave to the musical art. The dual royalties (oddly enough almost the only royalties not connected with the festival as patrons, and yet the only royalties on this occasion present), after meeting a select circle at luncheon at the Dean's, filed into the cathedral and filed out to take afternoon tea with another select circle at the Bishop's. If their entrance into Hereford was scenic, with a procession of red-coated Volunteers, and a brass band, their exit was still more remarkable, as they were preceded and followed by a regiment of mounted cyclists, having rifles slung across their backs.

The Hereford conductor, Mr. George Robertson Sinclair, is on his trial. He is a brilliant young man, twenty-seven years old; a favourite chorister and pupil of the late Sir F. G. Onseley at Tenby. He obtained the Truro organistship at the age of seventeen, and has won his present high position early, and, so to speak, entirely off his own bat. His management of "St. Paul" and Mozart's "Requiem" in the cathedral have placed him as a conductor. He has been weighed in the Festival Balance, and has not been found wanting. When he gets a little more reckless, he will be a model conductor. Owing to great care and deliberation, he is apt to take things sometimes a little slowly: e.g., "Sleepers, Awake," and in places the "St. Paul" wanted whipping up somewhat—after the dramatic style of Costa—but the "Hymn of Praise" in the cathedral was admitted to be a splendid performance. Madame Albani was in fine voice and produced an extraordinary impression in "Jerusalem," and Miss Anna Williams and Miss Hilda Wilson must both be congratulated on their return to health and work. 'Tis an ill wind that blows no one any good, and the enforced idleness and rest, through influenza, have sent both these indispensable oratorio favourites back to work more fresh and vigorous than ever.

Miss Anna Williams's delivery of A. C. Mackenzie's "Young Lochinvar" at the concert in the Shirehall produced great enthusiasm, and Mr. Santley and Mr. Lloyd received ovations which almost extorted encores. Miss Hilda Wilson alone accepted an encore for a pathetic song of M. V. White—it was a questionable piece of good-nature—otherwise all encores were wisely declined: indeed, considering the strain put upon the festival vocalists, the encore of favourites is a rule more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Dr. Villiers Stanford's "Battle of the Baltic" is a good pendant to his popular "Revenge." Seldom have poets like Tennyson and Campbell received such adequate musical interpretation as Dr. Stanford has provided them with. Personally we prefer "The Revenge" to the "Baltic," and we should not be surprised if that became ultimately—if it is not now—Dr. Stanford's own opinion. Mr. Sinclair's recent visit to Bayreuth

evening performance, but it drew nearly as large a crowd as the perennial "Messiah." The festival was this year rounded off by a chamber concert in the Shirehall, under the competent direction of Mr. Carrodus, the accomplished leader of the festival band. Mr. Brereton was the festival bass this year, and acquitted himself admirably in Spohr's "Calvary" and Stainer's "Magdalen." Mr. Houghton, a young tenor, who took part in both the above works, will take his place as a valuable addition to an oratorio staff which as the years roll on will need some new recruits.

The financial prospects are this year good. At the Mayor's breakfast it was announced that, "as far as they had got," the receipts were already £100 in advance of last Hereford Festival proceeds, and the close of the festival shows about £1000 clear profit for the charity. The cathedral is smaller than its two ecclesiastical rivals of Gloucester and Worcester, but to our mind quite equal in acoustic properties,



HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

and better for the soloists. The Mayor's breakfast was illuminated by speeches from Lord Bateman, the Rev. Lister Venables, Mr. J. H. Arkwright (chairman of the festival committee), Sir J. B. Bailey, Bart., M.P., and last—not least—the Mayor, who dispensed a noble hospitality with civic grace and large silver loving-cups. Instead of one big luncheon, the Mayor entertained sections of festival folk on successive mornings—the critics one day, the criticised next, and visitors *passim*. The Dean entertained a select party at dinner every night; Lord Bateman, as Lord Lieutenant, received at the Judge's lodge; the Bishop kept open house at the palace; Canon Musgrave and his genial family also entertained freely—truly, altogether a most happy combination of the Church and the World. All cathedral towns please copy.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It is good news that Dr. Liddon left by far the greater part of the Life of Dr. Pusey completed. Though Dr. Paget, who has undertaken, along with Mr. Johnston, the difficult task of completing it, is an excellent writer, Dr. Liddon was completely master of the narrative style, and wrote with the utmost finish even when most hurried. Besides, it is reasonable that Dr.

Pusey's career should be related by one in complete sympathy with his doctrinal position, which Dr. Liddon was, and Dr. Paget and the other writers of "Lux Mundi" are not. It is much to be hoped that the book will see the light within a year: it has already been delayed long enough.

There is little interest in the announcement that more volumes of Dr. Liddon's sermons are to be published. He seems to have written very little that was not used either at St. Paul's or in the Oxford University pulpit, and all his utterances there were reported and have been widely circulated. So far, only two or three sermons have appeared for the first time in the new authorised edition; but there was a period—his Salisbury canonry and his earliest months in St. Paul's—when he was not reported, and it would be interesting to have the discourses of that period.

Speaking of reporters, it is well known that the late Archbishop Magee regarded them with little favour, and considered their accounts of his utterances as mere travesties. This, of course, was extravagantly unjust, and provoked the retort that shorthand was equal to giving what a speaker actually said, but not what he thought he said or wished he had said. The Archbishop knew this well enough, and once asked a reporter to show him a proof of his notes. When the correspondent came into his study, Dr. Magee said, "Pray be seated; you'll pardon me worrying you about that address, but in one or two utterances I was so carried away that I fear what I meant to say softly will read as ugly as the preacher is himself."

The Oriental Congress was a rather "mixed" affair, and the German Orientalists held back with the utmost decision. Many of the papers and speeches it is unnecessary to characterise, but some were worthy of the best and fullest congress ever held, and among them emphatically that of Mr. Flinders Petrie.

The *Guardian* publishes letters from two correspondents—one of them Professor Sanday—against the extraordinary attack on Professor Cheyne, one which outdid the severest personalities of the *Record* of old time. Dr. Cheyne himself has not yet broken silence—not yet.



THE NAVE OF HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

has not been without its influence on the festival programme. We probably owe to it a very creditable performance of Wagner's "Meistersinger" overture, a fair rendering of the "Parsifal" Vorspiel in the cathedral, and an incomparable rendering of the "Preislied" by Mr. Lloyd. Wagner still seems to be strong meat for provincial audiences, and Mr. Sinclair is quite right to select only the overpoweringly convincing fragments, which extort approbation or overawe ignorance.

The new musical sensation of the festival was undoubtedly Dr. Hubert Parry's setting of the "De Profundis." It is massive in conception and masterly in handling, and reminded us in the strong and prolonged choral bursts of the resource and staying power of Wagner's colossal choruses. Dr. Hubert Parry is no copyist—nor altogether of the same musical mould as the Bayreuth master, but he knows how to avail himself of the Parsifal scoring, and is entirely new and fresh whilst never anything but himself. He has his friends—and his critics—also his rivals.

There was a most enterprising infusion of contemporary talent. Sir John Stainer's "Mary Magdalen," Dr. C. H. Lloyd's "Song of Judgment," Dr. H. J. Edwards's "Praise to the Holiest," and no less than three compositions by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie. "Elijah" was, for the first time, relegated to an



"AT THE WINDOW."—BY FELIX SCHORIG.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GOOD."—BY HUGO OEHMICHEN.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. AUGUSTIN DALY.

It was on the morning after the splendid reception given to Mr. Augustin Daly and his company at the Lyceum on their reappearance on a London stage that I called on the popular manager. He was seated before his escritoire in the well-known managerial room associated with Mr. Irving's successful reign. A series of framed playbills of Irving's many triumphs were hanging in a line round the sage-green walls, and amid these Mr. Daly had run up his own flaming standard, inscribed with "A Night Off," just opposite his desk. Turning round on his chair, he addressed me, wearing a quiet imperturbable look, suggestive of a wonderful amount of reserve force, and with the air of a man as cool mentally as he appeared physically in spite of the heat of the day.

"Yes; it was indeed a splendid welcome," he remarked, in reply to a few congratulatory words from me. "I don't think I ever experienced a grander ovation. And nothing pleased us more than the kind feeling shown by the pit and the upper part of the house. Of course, I had to say a few words, and I expressed what I meant, that I was glad to find that we had, by coming so soon again to England, evidently not worn out our welcome."

"On our three former visits we came in the spring," he continued, "when I think I may say 'society' took to us; but this time we thought we would woo fortune in the 'fall'—for I may tell you that it is within the range of practical politics that I should take a theatre and play regularly and periodically over here—and so we came this time to test what the provincial people who come to town at this season of the year may think of us."

"You ask me why I started last night with 'A Night Off.' Well, *pace* the *Daily Telegraph*, the piece caught on immensely at the Strand, dividing public favour with 'Nancy and Co.,' and last year we incurred much complaint that we did not play it then. However, we shall give a change very shortly, producing 'The Last Word,' and most certainly a rearrangement of 'The School for Scandal,' condensing the action by having only one scene in an act; besides, I think I may promise a revival of 'The Taming of the Shrew' and 'As You Like It,' the two comedies of Shakspeare in which Miss Rehan has already pleased the town."

"No, I have never found, as Chatterton did, that Shakspeare spelt Ruin. I have never lost a dollar on him, and we have played him in New York a good deal. I have put on 'The Merry Wives,' 'Twelfth Night,' 'Love's Labour Lost,' 'Much Ado About Nothing,' 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'Richard III.,' 'Cymbeline,' and, as you know, the two pieces I have already named."

"You ask me which is the more popular, an American company in London or an English company in America? Well, I'll answer you in this way—an English company in America runs by far less risk. Yet, I can't say that the Americans are such a theatre-loving nation as the English, although they are a theatre-going people."

"Yes, I think we are just as prudish as your nation in its objection to *risqué* plays. Mrs. Grundy is no less strait-laced with us. You see, in America, the theatre is a 'family' house, where all the members of the domestic circle go together to enjoy the play. Neither do we find that we require an official censor; public opinion is quite sufficiently powerful in gauging the morals of a performance."

"You ask about pantomime and burlesque. The former has never taken hold. We had at one time a sort of imitation of the French pantomime, but on the final exit of the old Ravel Family and of their later imitator George Fox, pantomime quite went out. And as to burlesques, they were only tolerated while Lydia Thompson played, but they have never had a successful reign in America. However, the Americans thoroughly enjoy the comic operas, whether from the French or German, and, of course, all the Gilbert-Sullivan repertory. And certainly they have a strong leaning towards showy spectacular melodramas, such as the Gattis and Harris produce."

"Yes, I suppose we do have more fires in American theatres, but then the structures burned have been generally the older ones. I think, however, that we take quite as many precautions as you do. There is one great difference in our internal arrangements which may surprise you. We have no refreshment-rooms of any sort in the theatres; they were banished from the third tier, where they were situated, twenty-five years ago. The law is very strict on this point. So if you want to have a 'drink,' you must go to an outside bar."

"Ah, you may well say that I am fortunate in my company. We have been very old friends for some years now, I'm glad to say. Mrs. Gilbert has actually been with me since 1868, Mr. Lewis only a year less, Mr. Leclercq joined in 1873, Mr. Drew came in the next year, and Miss Rehan has been leading lady for ten years. She came to me a girl just out of her teens."

"Of course, if—as you say—it will gratify you to know a few facts of my career, I will narrate them, but I warn you that they are not interesting."

"Well, I was born fifty-three years ago in Plymouth, North Carolina. I didn't get much regular education, and what little I obtained was in New York City, mostly in evening classes. My mother wanted me to be a merchant, but none of the berths seemed to suit me, or I them. The fact was, my craving was for literature. Indeed, before twenty-two, I had written five plays for Mrs. Wood, Jefferson, William Burton, &c.; but somehow they did not care to accept them, and so the entire lot was promptly declined 'with thanks.' However I did a lot of journalistic work, writing

dramatic criticisms for the *New York Times*, the *Evening Express*, the *Sun*, the *Citizen*, and others until 1869, when I took the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in Twenty-fourth Street; but four years afterwards it was destroyed by fire. Three weeks later I rebuilt the Old Globe, rechristening it the Fifth Avenue. There was a third Fifth Avenue Theatre built for me in Twenty-eighth Street, which I occupied five years. It was burned down last winter. Then, in 1879, I took the theatre, Wood's Museum, in Broadway, which is now the leading theatre in New York, and which happens to be called after me," Mr. Daly remarks, with a twinkle in his eyes. "And I managed the Grand Opera House in New York for a time. The first successful piece from my pen was 'Leah the Forsaken,' adapted from the German 'Deborah,' which was accepted by Mr. Bateman, the father of the Miss Bateman who played the late John Oxenford's paraphrase of my piece in London. I also wrote 'Divorce,' 'Pique,' 'Horizon,' 'Under the Gaslight'—a play which has suggested the numerous railway collisions as episodes in other playwrights' subsequent compositions. Then I remember my version of 'Griffith Gaunt,' which annoyed poor Charles Reade so greatly that he dubbed me a mere 'paste-and-scissors' man; and the play we have now on is some of my work. My company has been with me through a great part of Europe, all over America, and, as you know, this is our fifth visit to England—and I hope it won't be the last. But, there, you must be wearied with these personal details. Refresh yourself with a sight of these two books—beautiful examples of the book-binder's, the printer's, and the photographer's arts, are they not?"

It is difficult which to admire of these two *éditions de luxe*



MR. AUGUSTIN DALY.

the more, that descriptive of Miss Rehan's career, with exquisite plates illustrative of her chief character-parts, or the elegant work giving the history of Peg Woffington. Mr. Daly's secretary told me that both were designed by the successful manager.

Mr. Mark Guy Pearse, writing of his experiences in Australia, speaks enthusiastically of the reception he got from the members of the different Cornish associations which perpetuate the memory of the old home even to squab pies and Cornish cream. He thinks Scotchmen and Cornishmen the most widely scattered of all people, and that they take their clannishness wherever they go.

Census-taking is no easy matter in Canada. In the report which accompanies the new Dominion Census Mr. Haggart, the Postmaster-General, points out that to number the population of the northern slopes in Ontario and Quebec many canoe expeditions were necessary, and long and tedious journeyings had to be taken to reach James's Bay and other districts in the frozen North. In many outlying townships in Algoma the Census could only be taken after days of weary tramping; and even in civilised Manitoba the enumerators had "now to foot it, now to journey by buckboard, and now by boat, while in one instance an enumerator, losing himself, had to save his own life by slaying and eating his horse." There is evidently plenty of room in Western Canada for land-hungry Europeans.

The "heathen Chinese" is a commodity in small request in political circles in North America, and yet travellers tell us that he has become almost indispensable in the life of the Pacific coast. For instance, the Rev. Dr. Potts, secretary of the Educational Society of the Canadian Methodist Church, and representative of England and Ireland at the recent General Methodist Conference, has been studying the Chinese quarters in Western Canada, and says that in British Columbia the Chinese are so useful in domestic and general service that many people say they could not manage without them. They are even attempting farming. At the same time the Doctor was not prepared to affirm that they are likely to become permanent citizens, or to contribute much to the wealth of the Dominion.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Several readers of this column have forestalled my intention of commenting upon the most recent phase of "mental science" (as one of my correspondents terms it), which has cropped up in the Metropolis itself. I allude to the "boom" of which Theosophy has of late been the subject, especially at the hands of Mrs. Besant, Mr. H. Burrows, and others professing the cult in question. I should not have deemed it part of my duty, as a chronicler of the things of science, to refer to the discussions to which Theosophy and its professions have given rise, but for the fact that science has, *volens volens*, been dragged into the controversy, which, as I write, is proceeding fast and furious in the pages of a London newspaper. My correspondents ask what I have to say about the matter, and in truth it is not an easy task to answer their question. Let me try, however, to be as judicial and as judicious as I can. The facts are few and simple. Mrs. Besant, who has become a convert to Theosophy, says that she received communications in a handwriting resembling that of Madame Blavatsky after the decease of that lady, who died in London some time ago, and was duly cremated at Woking, I believe. I must distinguish between the statement that Mrs. Besant received letters from the deceased lady (by ways and means, of course, inaccessible to, and not understood by, ordinary mortals) and that which avers that she received communications in a handwriting exactly resembling that of Madame Blavatsky. The latter statement is, I believe, that made by Mrs. Besant, though we may take it that it is inferred, theosophically, that the letters came from the deceased person, who, through some process of "reincarnation," is alleged to be able to communicate with her disciples still resident on earth. Where Madame Blavatsky herself may be (in the belief of Theosophists, I mean), one has, of course, no way of knowing.

Bound up with theosophical beliefs is the assertion that somewhere in Tibet live the Mahatmas, the sacred and purified beings in whom dwell sweetness and light. Theosophy, from what I have read of its tenets, seeks to assume the rank and pretensions of a religious cult. Its tenets appear to be those of the universal brotherhood of man (not a new doctrine, surely), with other most creditable desires in the way of "human progression and perfection." So far, Theosophy simply seems to profess what every religious system aims at effecting. But beyond these tenets, and swaddling Theosophy as in an outer garment, lie the esoteric mysteries connected with the Mahatmas, with reincarnation, with mystic messages conveyed from the dead by means unknown to the outer world, and in general with belief that when the human senses are shut off from their ordinary functions the brain (or soul) can enter into states unappreciated by the ordinary mortal. Now, this last declaration (which I take from a statement made by Mr. Burrows himself) is simply equivalent to saying that when a man is hypnotised his brain behaves in a fashion different to that exhibited in his normal and natural condition. That this view of things is correct seems evident from the description by Mr. Burrows of what hypnotism itself is able to bring about in the way of curious mental manifestations. So that, while I may be very far wrong, I have come to the conclusion, from a perusal of the statements of Theosophists themselves, that hypnotism is to be regarded as a state in which the possibilities of receiving messages from other and distant persons are to be reckoned with—thus far, science may claim the right to criticise theosophical conclusions. Theosophy, indeed, seems to be a religious system, to which has been superadded the mysteries of hypnotism, with the allegations that communications with other worlds (or states) than ours become possible to those whose faith has admitted them into the inner shrine of the cult.

I must not omit to add that Madame Blavatsky's pretensions have been severely handled by Mr. Richard Hodgson, who went to India, as representing the Society for Psychical Research, to investigate the Mahatma mysteries. Mr. Hodgson's report was to the effect that these mysteries were on a par with the Spiritualist tricks of this and other countries. It has also been boldly asserted that Madame Blavatsky was nothing more nor less than a Russian political agent. What concerns us in these pages, however, is the relation of science to this latest assertion of marvels. As of old, the people "seek a sign," and it is not unreasonable that we should demand proofs of the extraordinary assertions made by Mrs. Besant and her friends. We are told in answer to this demand that only the faithful and initiated can understand the mysteries of Theosophy—a reply which offers us a stone for bread, and which causes one to wonder why a cult revelling in its superior wisdom should have troubled itself at all to make known its beliefs to a sceptical world. The prevalent attitude of Theosophy, as regards science, shuts it out of scientific consideration altogether. If Theosophy will not submit itself to scientific investigation (*quâ* its marvels), there is an end of the matter, only it will not do for Theosophists to expect people to believe that their mysteries pass human understanding when the said mysteries have not been offered for examination at all.

This is my attitude to these latest marvels, and this is the position, I imagine, every earnest truthseeker will assume. When science has anything that is new and unusual to declare, its conditions are those of free, open-handed investigation. If a scientific man had alleged fifty years ago that he could speak through a wire to a friend a hundred miles away, doubtless the world would have received his statement with scepticism; but then the scientist would have said to the world, "Here is my apparatus: try it, and judge for yourself!" Theosophy is in the position of saying that it has its mystic reincarnations and messages, while it denies our right and title to investigate them by the exercise of scientific tests and knowledge. This was the attitude of Spiritualism till its hollow pretensions were exposed, and this is the attitude of every marvel which seeks to delude the crowd. I have no quarrel with Theosophy any more than I have a grudge against the doctrines of Confucius. If a man tells me the earth is flat, I bring mathematical proof to refute his ideas. If he persists in his belief, I leave him severely alone. So with the messages from Tibet and the Mahatmas, whom nobody (I mean no commonplace person like myself) can ever hope to see. It is a clever idea, but an ancient one, to keep your oracle hidden from the vulgar gaze. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* is, perhaps, true of Theosophy as of many another thing.

"THE HUMOURS OF CYNICUS."

The volume from which we take some pictures by an artist who has shown no small powers of entertainment gives a fair idea of his range. At first sight "Cynicus" seems to work in rather an old fashioned groove. Many of these drawings recall the illustrated puns in Hood's "Whims and Oddities." Others have rather a monotonous burden of practical joking. The fun of drawing a chair from under a man who is about to sit down is apt to pall. Our very old friend the cat on the tiles who is the target of shoes for disturbed sleepers, or who knocks down books on a philosopher's head, has lost some of his novelty. There is a little too much harping, moreover, on the humour of inanimate objects—the stump of a tree which precipitates a gentleman into a pond, or the fractured branch which throws a group of sightseers violently to the ground. No observation of life is needed to illustrate the farce of a broken head. But "Cynicus" gives ample proof that he has better metal than this very small currency of the caricaturist. "Orpheus and Eurydice," "Adam and Eve," a small boy taking a bite out of an apple which a girl is cautiously holding; "The Judgment of Solomon," a sturdy youth called to decide the rival claims of tantrums in petticoats to a doll; "The Transit of Venus," a tipsy woman carried to the lock-up on a stretcher by two constables; "A Band of Hope," a diverting study of half a dozen forlorn and seedy anglers standing in a row; "First Love," a ragged girl gazing into a milliner's window—all these drawings have a freshness of view and a happy execution. The little idyl of "Orpheus and Eurydice" suggests that the artist can occasionally command a vein of charming fancy quite remote from horse-play. It is worth his while. There are plenty of draughtsmen who can ring the changes on such a subject as a boy falling from an apple-tree on to some iron palings—an idea which is more brutal than humorous—or a lady dyeing her hair with the sentiment "For Love I Dye." But as the world has outgrown these humours, "Cynicus" might judiciously give more scope to his unquestionable gift for representing certain sides of life which are at once more realistic and more humane. There is, however, one serious obstacle. Somebody seems to have assured this artist that he is a notable satirist. The specimens of satire in this volume are a revival of a clumsy form of abuse which may have been appreciated some incalculable number of years ago, but is now distinctly out of date. To draw pictures of this kind is such a melancholy waste of time and talent by a man who is so manifestly capable of better things that it is a public duty to warn him of his error. There are always vulgar minds to relish coarse caricatures of religious professions, but no man who is worth his salt can make a reputation by ministering to the taste. The satire of "Cynicus" belongs to the age of Rowlandson and Gilray; and as neither art nor truth is served by such grossness, we shall be glad to see an able artist devoting himself to worthier models. The book is published by the Cynicus Publishing Company, at 59, Drury Lane, Strand.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE POET.



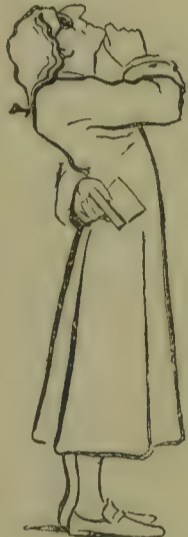
Ye Philosopher,



Overcome by a weight of learning,



Exinceth ye power of knowledge.



Ye rapt Poet,

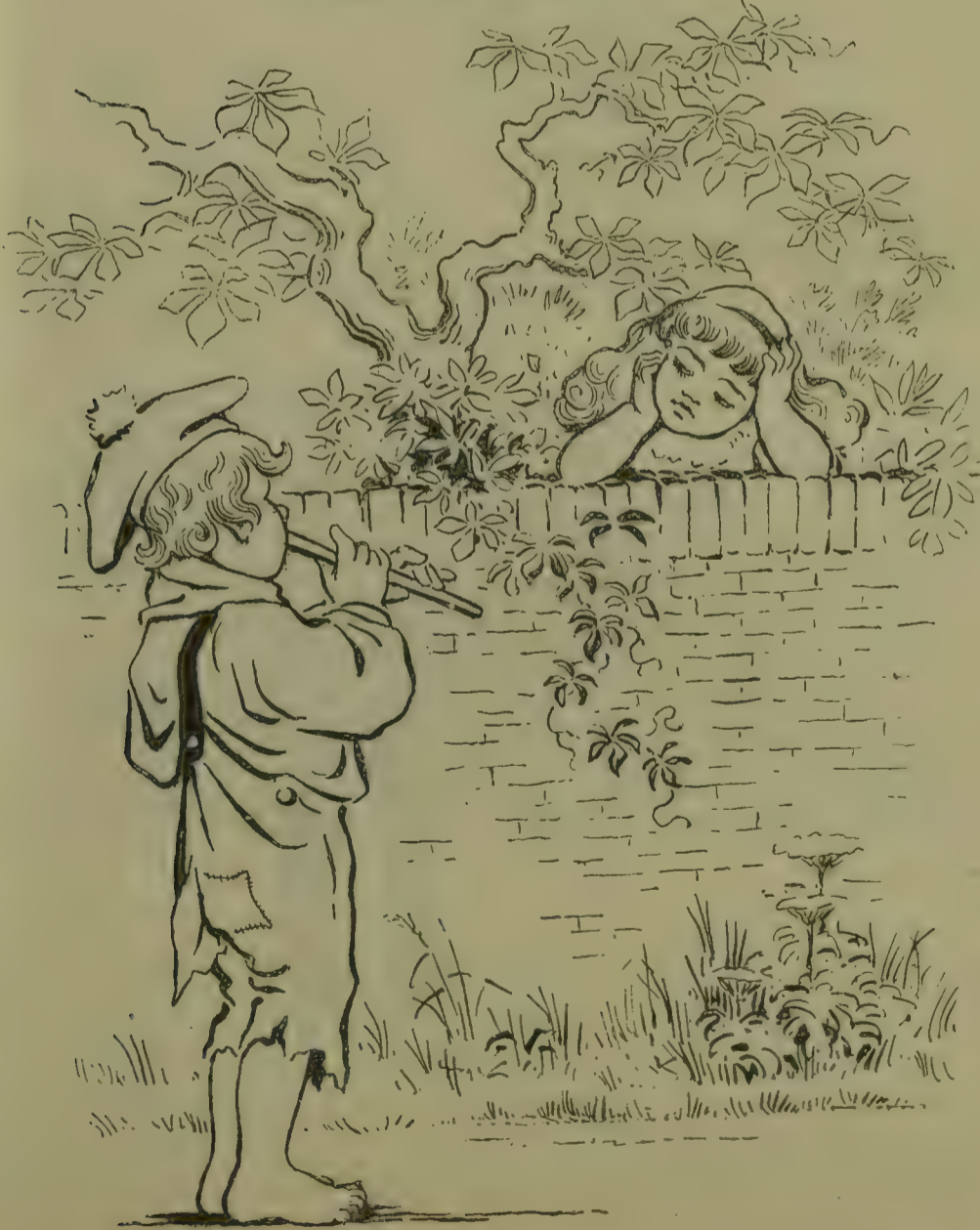


Wrapt in thought

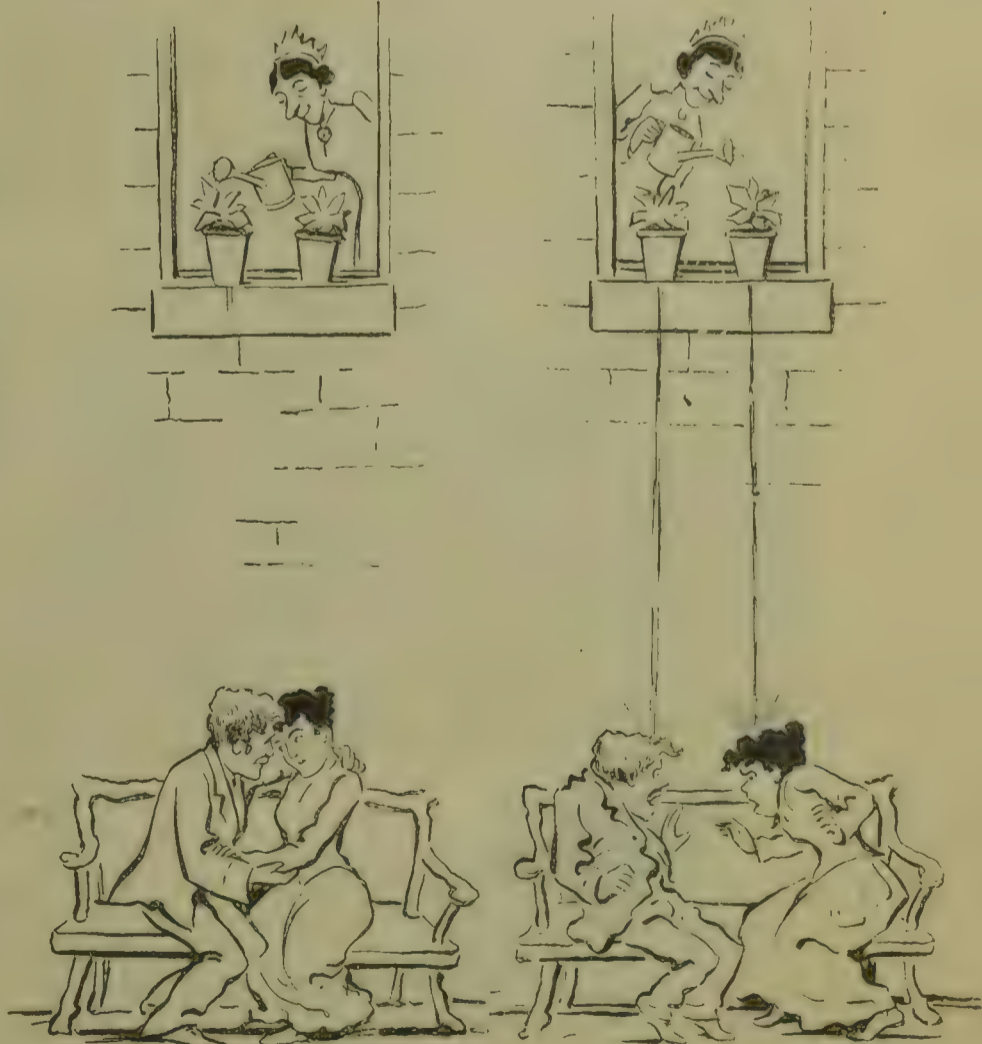


Is rapped indeed.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

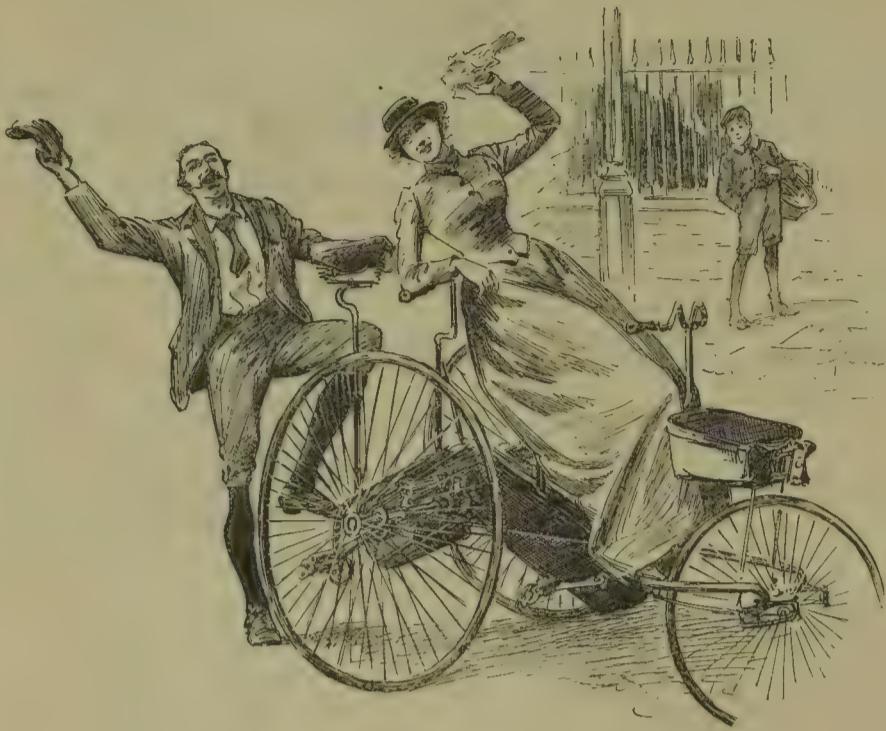


LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.



May Fortune smile upon our love,

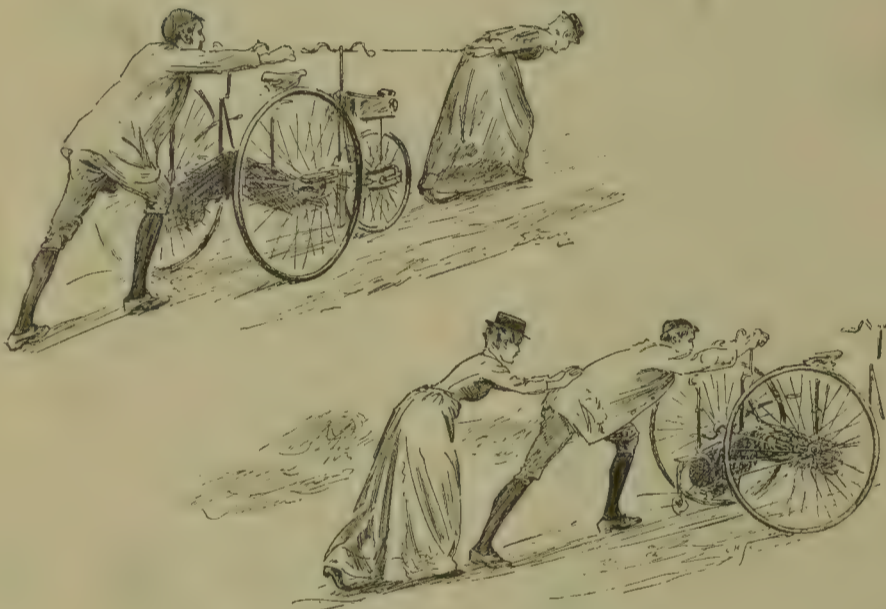
And shower its blessings from above.



The start.



Chops and whortleberries on Hindhead.



We tried various ways of getting up-hill.



Quite the best way of hill-climbing.



An anxious moment.



No room in the inn—tired out and ten miles from anywhere.



HOLIDAY TIME IN THE WILD WEST.

A summer holiday, with chances of sport, may be spent in remote territories of North America, crossing the Atlantic Ocean and travelling two thousand miles over the broader part of that continent, where civilisation has of late spread so rapidly, and so unequally, that former notions of the "Far West" and the "Wild West" here become rather mixed. The rapidly diminishing remnants of "big game," for the shooting of which English sportsmen are still tempted to travel in that direction, are found in certain districts on this side of the Rocky Mountains, near the head-waters of the Missouri and its

tributaries, the Yellowstone and the Bighorn rivers; there are a few hundred "buffaloes" (American bison) surviving in upland valleys the millions that roamed, within living remembrance, over a thousand miles of prairie. There are the long-horned antelope, the bear, the musk ox, the wild goat and wild sheep, and in the forests, especially those of British Columbia and Canada, the moose or American elk. Many other wild animals hardly worthy of the sportsman's ambition, but familiar to the native "gunner," are tolerably plentiful, and there is excellent fishing in the streams. The

"tenderfoot," as a novice in rough Western travelling is called, when he leaves the abodes of civilised comfort for hills and woodlands devoid of city hotel luxuries, will soon, in fine summer or autumn weather, by the example and instruction of comrades who are skilled in every shifty expedient of campaigning, begin to enjoy this kind of life. A scene of that nature is represented in our Artist's drawing, which requires no further explanation; and some readers may be acquainted with one or two of the numerous books by English or American writers, in which this way of living is cheerfully described.

REMINISCENCES OF M. JULES GRÉVY.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

When Thiers informed one of his secretaries of his intention of retiring from the Presidency of the Republic he had founded, after the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune had wiped out all remaining trace of the Third Empire, the latter asked his chief whom he would naturally choose as his successor. "The only man," he replied, "who could in any way continue my work is Jules Grévy, but the country is sure to demand a more showy and therefore less solidly useful figurehead." Yet it is little known that M. Grévy, had he been willing to accept the post, might have become, under MacMahon, Vice-President of France as early as 1873.

Jules Grévy was one of those men who not only can afford to wait, but who do so, confident that their time will come at last. He was that rare thing in France, an absolutely truthful man. A lie was to him an abominable thing, and equivocation under no circumstances expedient or tolerable.

Till he became President, and had to inhabit the Palace of the Elysée, M. Grévy lived with his wife and daughter in a small flat situated on the second floor of an old house in the Rue Volney, a quiet, narrow street running between the Boulevard des Capucines and Rue de la Paix.

A great bookworm, his library was one of the most delightful apartments in Paris. In two great carved oak bookcases, originally bought by their owner during a hurried business journey to Rotterdam, were ranged row after row of rare editions of the French and Latin classics. It is said that members of the Paris Bar are among the most faithful frequenters of l'Hôtel Drouot when the winter and spring sales are drawing collectors from all over the world to the great Parisian auction-rooms. M. Grévy kept up in this respect the reputation of the order to which he was so proud of belonging, and one of his *petites misères* at the Elysée was being no longer able to attend with the *commun des fidèles* the great book-sales of the year. His special tastes were well known, and any rare work having already passed through the hands of a noted collector or eminent man was often pointed out to him by some zealous attendant. Among other curious volumes, he owned Marshal Saxe's copy of Molière's works, a rare edition of Horace, which had originally been in Napoleon the First's Malmaison Library, André Chenier's "La Fontaine," and Chateaubriand's copy of Rousseau's "Confessions." Madame Grévy's pretty white-and-gold salon was lined with excellent examples of the best modern painters' work. These paintings, mostly small *genre* pictures, had also been picked up at sales, many just after the war, when small private collections were dispersed and masterpieces changed hands for a mere song.

One of the accusations which was most believed, and which contributed more than anything to destroy the never at any time great popularity of the Grévys, was that of being stingy. *Ladre, mesquin*, and *avare* were terms freely used to describe Marshal MacMahon's successor. Yet those at all behind the scenes knew well that it was only by practising a most real personal economy that the President lived within his official income. Fifty thousand francs a year is no great sum on which to keep up semi-royal state, and the MacMahons spent their large private fortune and left the Elysée hopelessly in debt. The day M. Grévy knew that he was to have the Presidency he is reported to have said to both his wife and daughters: "If at the end of a year I find that it is impossible to live on the income allowed me by the country, I shall resign, and shall do so without giving any reason, till I move, as *Député*, a resolution allowing the Chief of the State a larger grant for the purposes of official representation." What happened has now become history. The French people, accustomed to the brilliant pageantry kept up by Marshal MacMahon and his lovely wife, a one-time beauty of the Court of the Empress Eugénie, were dismayed at the Spartan rule of life followed by their President, and it was soon whispered that M. Grévy was making a nest-egg out of the income meted out to him. The great services he had done his country—notably that of twice rendering war impossible—were forgotten or, rather, not understood, by the people; and when his downfall came France was glad of an excuse to get rid of him.

There can be no indiscretion in stating plainly that the great mistake of M. Grévy's life was made when he allowed his daughter to marry Daniel Wilson, the only son of a Glasgow engineer who had made a large fortune by lighting Paris with gas. Marguerite Grévy was an only child, and had acted as her father's secretary for nearly ten years before her marriage, and there is little doubt that the President's chief reason for favouring M. Wilson's suit was the fact that the latter had consented to live with his father and mother-in-law if the marriage took place. Daniel Wilson's share in the kind of Decoration Agency afterwards discovered under the very roof of the President will never be really ascertained. It is significant that the worst item put down against him was £400 worth of stamps, used to frank private letters. But it was afterwards asserted with truth that the only senator who had never used official paper and stamps for his private correspondence was M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, a man whose probity has become legendary. After his fall the ex-President never allowed a word to be said against M. Wilson in his presence, and during the last few years the first person whom the ex-President introduced to strangers in his fine study in l'Avenue Jéna was "Mon fils, Daniel Wilson." Every morning the old man would take out his two little granddaughters for a long walk in the Bois de Boulogne, and thus, surrounded by a small group of old friends who had remained faithful to him through good and evil report, Jules Grévy spent his last days of life, seldom, if ever, alluding to the past, never criticising any of his successor's actions or methods of winning popular sympathy.

It is said that curious documents carefully kept by the ex-President during his long life will be published some ten years hence by Madame Wilson in eulcation of both her father and her husband's conduct. M. Grévy wrote admirably, and the mere record of the speeches he delivered while practising as a barrister should form interesting reading. In the Chamber his words were few, but admirably chosen and to the point. Some of his *mots* deserve to remain as models to the statesmen of the future French Republics, notably the sentence which expressed his own programme: "La République toujours; la paix, sauf revanche par tous les moyens acceptables."

THE SPOTTED CAT.

There was a cat once named Dolores, who had gone in a good deal for being white. It had, I believe, a singularly refined nature, and it wanted its body to be typical of it. It wanted to be as white as the lilies, or the new snow, or whitewash. It wanted to be utterly white, and, indeed, the nature of things had allowed it to have its wish—with the exception of one spot of black hair on its tail. Dolores felt that spot terribly. It seemed so ironical of the nature of things to have let it just miss the desired whiteness. To fail by a hair's-breadth is a sickening thing. It is very trying to miss the bull's-eye: nobody minds missing the target. I have done the latter myself with an air-gun; but I hit an under-gardener, and he fell to the earth—I know not where.

I was very intimate with Dolores, but it was not my cat. It belonged to my godchild Lillith. Lillith had a beautiful house in the open country near Woking, where she kept her governess, her cat, her father, and several other pets. In the summer-time I used to get tired of London, and would stay for a few days at Lillith's house. On those occasions Lillith would tell me a good deal, which I could never otherwise have known, about the character and career of Dolores. Even in its kittenhood Dolores had been conscious of that black spot, and had been ashamed of it. In the midst of a wild kitten-like scamper, it would stop suddenly and sit on its tail to hide the black spot; then it would look as if it were going to cry. On one occasion a large saucerful of milk had been put down on the floor for it to drink, because it had been very busy failing to catch sparrows on the lawn in the garden, and Lillith had conjectured that the exercise must have made it thirsty. It did not drink the milk, but it was found an hour afterwards sitting with the end of its tail soaking in the saucer; it was trying to dye the black spot white. I did not see these things myself, but Lillith told me about them. She was a sympathetic child, and this last incident suggested to her what seemed a possible means of cure. She purchased a small bottle of flake-white and painted out the black spot. But Dolores inadvisedly went out in the rain to see another cat that was not at all well, and the rain washed off the paint. Lillith was rather sad at this, but I pointed out to her that it would have been much worse if the rain had left the paint and washed away the cat. You cannot make a portion of white paint jump through your arms, nor scratch it behind the ear, nor tell stories about it; whereas Lillith could, and did, do all these things with Dolores.

"Dolores is simply breaking his heart about that black spot," Lillith said to me one day. (I should, perhaps, have mentioned that Dolores has a tendency to be masculine.)

"I'm sorry," I said.

"Yes, but you just sit there, and you don't do anything." She was using a formula common to all the daughters of Eve. As a matter of fact I was not sitting down, but lying at full length on the grass, and I was doing something. I was smoking. "He can't sleep," she continued. "He goes out for long walks by himself all night, because he's so miserable."

Dolores, who was present, may possibly have overheard Lillith's last remark; he began to purr gently. Lillith explained the purring. "He's only doing that to comfort me; he's awfully kind in that way, but he doesn't want to purr. If it were not for me, he wouldn't ever purr again."

At this point in the conversation I sat up. I had suddenly formed a scheme. All my life long I have been troubled with this pestilential habit of forming schemes; they force themselves upon me at the strangest moments, when I am at dinner, when I am in bed, occasionally—I regret to say—even when I am in church. I am always forming ingenious schemes. That would not matter so much if I did not always carry them out, and that would matter very much less if any of them ever succeeded. But the more ingenious they are the worse they fail.

"Lillith, my dear," I said, "I have got an idea. I will cure Dolores of that black spot on his tail, and then he'll be quite happy."

"How? You must tell me—no, don't, because it will be a surprise. I don't want to know about it, and what will you do it with? You mustn't do it if it hurts, only, of course, you wouldn't. And can you begin now?" In moments of excitement she grew somewhat inconsecutive; she was a mere child, but there was every reason to believe that when she grew up she would be a woman.

"You must not ask any questions. I won't hurt Dolores at all. I am going to run up to town to-morrow, and I shall take Dolores with me. You must pack him in a hamper. I will bring him back in the evening without any spot on his tail."

When I arrived at Waterloo on the following morning I drove straight to a great emporium, which only the price of an advertisement should persuade me to name more fully. You can get absolutely anything matched there. I was shown into the proper department, and there I opened the hamper and pulled out Dolores, who seemed none the worse for the journey.

"I want," I said, "a cat to match this, but without the black spot on the tail. In everything else—appearance, size, temperament, intellect, and appetite—it must match exactly. And its name must be Dolores."

The young man who was waiting upon me did not seem at all surprised. They are never surprised at anything at the great emporium. "Certainly, Sir," he said. "Would you take a seat? I may be two or three minutes—not longer, Sir." He picked up Dolores and went with enthusiasm and agility down into the warehouse. Presently he returned, and I saw him at the far end of the counter consulting in whispers with other young men. They were evidently distressed. The proud boast of the great emporium—that they could match absolutely anything at a moment's notice—was in danger. At last, with a sigh of agonised humiliation, my young man came towards me.

"I am exceedingly sorry, Sir," he said, "but at the present moment we have not got what you require—not exactly. We

are expecting a couple of thousand fresh cats to arrive every minute. By to-morrow morning, at the latest, I could promise you the very thing you want."

"I never can get anything I ask for," I replied severely. "To-morrow morning will be too late. I am returning to the country. What is the nearest that you can do on the spur of the moment?"

"Well, Sir, we have a cat just like Dolores, except for the black patch which you wished to have omitted; and two other points—our cat is not named Dolores, but Bob; and Bob has rather a bad temper—a much worse temper than Dolores."

I was pleased to find that the difficulty was so slight, and asked to be allowed to see Bob.

The likeness between the bodies of the two cats was marvellous. With the exception of the black spot on Dolores's tail, there was not a hair's difference. But in temperament they were totally unlike. I do not think I ever saw a cat with a worse temper than Bob had. He scratched the young man who brought him to me. When he was put down on the counter he set up his back, spat, and used the very worst language. However, I was bent upon carrying out my scheme, and I thought that I could make up some story which would account satisfactorily to Lillith for the change in her pet's temper. I had Dolores restored to the hamper, and drove off with it to a friend who, I knew, wanted a cat. I had left instructions that Bob was to be packed in another hamper, and that I would call for him on my return.

My friend was delighted with Dolores, and as I hurried back to Waterloo, taking up the other hamper from the great emporium on the way, I could see that I had done a good work. There is generally a point in all my schemes where I can see that I have done a good work, and get pleased with myself in consequence. There is another point, rather later on, where I think otherwise. Just at present I considered that I had given my friend pleasure by presenting her with Dolores—it never occurred to me that Dolores was not my cat to give away. I should give Lillith pleasure by making her believe that Dolores had got rid of the black spot on its tail—it never occurred to me that I should be cruelly deceiving her. I should work a reformation in the character of Bob, who would be coaxed out of his wicked temper by Lillith's kindness—here, too, the real facts of the case never occurred to me. I felt like a philanthropist. I simply glowed!

On my arrival I had the hamper placed in the library on the table and sent for Lillith. She came in a great state of excitement. I explained to her that I had succeeded, that I had removed the spot from Dolores's tail, and that he now was utterly white. I mentioned that the railway journey had put him in a bad temper, and that it would be necessary for her to calm him down and quiet him. "And now," I said, "you may open the hamper." She opened it with eager, trembling fingers, thanking me effusively all the time. I stood by the window to catch the brute when he bolted. She threw back the lid of the hamper, but the brute did not bolt; she stood gazing at the contents with a vacant, puzzled air.

"Well?" I said.

"Come and look," she replied.

I went and looked. Inside the hamper were four cream cheeses. At first a lunatic idea seized me that Bob must have melted down, owing to the excessive heat, and taken this form. Then I saw what had really happened—at the great emporium they had given me the wrong hamper by mistake. Mistakes are unavoidable even in the greatest emporiums. I ought, of course, to have seen that my scheme was now quite hopeless; but I clung to it.

"There's been a mistake, Lillith; they gave me the wrong hamper at the shop—I mean at the doctor's. I'll go back to-morrow and fetch Bob."

"Fetch what?" said Lillith, searchingly. "What's Bob?"

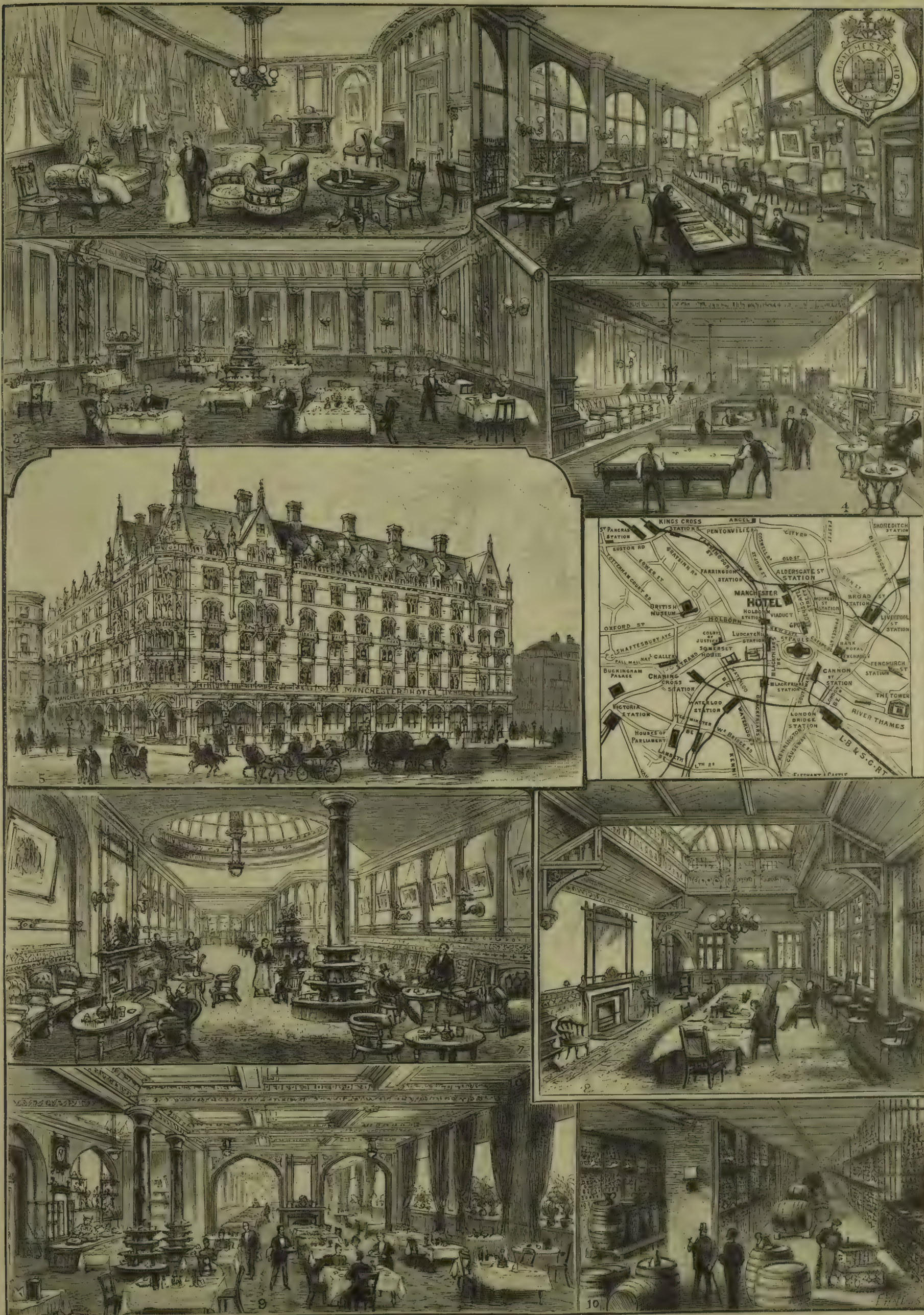
Then at last I saw that the scheme had failed, and told Lillith all about it. It seemed to amuse her. But she insisted that she would not forgive me until I brought back the real Dolores. This I did, but with some difficulty—in fact, I had to steal it.

A few Sundays afterwards there was a sermon on mendacity. I found Lillith looking at me in a way in which a child ought not to look at her godfather. I fancy that this will be the last of my schemes.

BARRY PAIN.

THE MANCHESTER HOTEL, ALDERSGATE.

Among the many large and magnificent hotels which have been erected during the last twenty years, there are few, if any, that can compare with the above-named hotel in the rapid strides it has made in public favour, and in the prosperous career that has attended it. The building, which was opened on Oct. 1, 1879, as a high-class commercial and family hotel, was erected to supply a much-felt want in the neighbourhood; it is situated at the corner of Aldersgate Street and Long Lane, and immediately opposite the Aldersgate Station of the Metropolitan Railway. Being thus conveniently situated, visitors from all parts of the kingdom are practically able to book to the door of the hotel; and also being within a few yards of St. Paul's Cathedral, General Post Office, Bank of England, most of the leading markets, commercial centres, and places of interest and amusement in London, this, combined with the many other advantages offered by the hotel, has caused it to commend itself to the patronage of a large number of commercial men and visitors from all parts of the world. The hotel contains 300 bed-rooms and sitting-rooms, most handsome and elegantly appointed coffee-rooms, ladies' drawing and coffee rooms, reading and writing rooms, smoking-room, and billiard-rooms, besides a number of sample-rooms, for the convenience of commercial men. Some idea of the vast nature of the business done may be gained when we state that during the last twelve months nearly 50,000 bed-rooms have been let. Under the able and enterprising control of the present lessee various striking improvements have been made in the establishment; notably, among others, a new ladies' coffee-room has been provided; the walls of which are entirely covered by handsome marbles; a new reading-room has also been added, and these, together with various other improvements, and the entire redecoration of the interior of the building, combine to make the hotel one of the most comfortable, convenient, and elegant establishments of its kind in the United Kingdom.



1. Ladies' Drawing-Room.
2. Writing-Room.

3. Ladies' Coffee-Room.
4. Billiard-Room.

5. Hotel Front.
6. Key-Block to Hotel.

7. Smoking-Room.
8. Reading-Room.

9. Coffee-Room.
10. Wine Cellars.

THE MANCHESTER HOTEL, ALDERSGATE.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 24, 1879) of Mr. William Boyle Barbour, M.P. for the Burgh of Paisley, formerly of 196, Haverstock Hill, and late of 76, Jermyn Street, and of 14, Victoria Road, Brighton, who died on May 13, was proved in London on Sept. 5 by John McGown, the Rev. George Clark Hutton, D.D., William Dunn, and Thomas Glen Coats, four of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £79,000. The testator bequeaths all his pictures, books, plate, wines, liquors, household goods, furniture, effects, horses and carriages, to his sister, Mrs. Janet McGown; £500 per annum to his said sister, for life, to be continued to her husband the said John McGown, for his life should he survive her; £100 per annum to his brother, John Paterson Barbour, for life; £1000 to Leonard Thomas Edminson; and legacies to servants. He also bequeaths £100 per annum for ten years to the United Kingdom Alliance for the suppression of the liquor traffic, but to be discontinued if during that time an Act of Parliament is passed for the local regulation of the liquor traffic "in lieu of the present unsatisfactory system of licensing"; and £100 per annum for ten years to the Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Connection and Control; but, should there be any smaller societies for the same purpose in England or Scotland, his trustees have liberty given to them to apportion the last-named legacy. The residue of his property he gives, grants, and disposes to his trustees, upon trust, as to one third, for the schemes of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, one third for the benefit of the town of Paisley, and one third for the Public School or Schools of Paisley, or for one or more of them in connection with the University of Glasgow. Full discretion is given to his trustees as to the expenditure of the said portions of residue, but he expressly directs that they are to be expended within fifteen years, and not to be held as permanent endowment funds.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated May 21, 1888) of Mr. John Mutter, of 29, Chalmers Street, Edinburgh, who died at Bellfield House, Musselburgh, on July 3, granted to Mrs. Eliza Mutter, the widow, and five others, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Aug. 28, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £68,000.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1889) of Mr. James Farrance, late of 15, Ladbroke Square, Notting Hill, who died on Aug. 22, was proved on Sept. 3 by George Farrance, the brother, and Mrs. Mary Hannah Farrance, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £50,000. The testator bequeaths £6000 to his sister-in-law Mrs. Mary Hannah Farrance; £2000 to his niece Elizabeth Ann Tibbitts; and £100 each to St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), the Great Northern Central Hospital (Holloway), and the London City Mission (3, Bridewell Place). The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his brother, George Farrance.

The will (dated Jan. 22, 1891) of Miss Jane Arbuthnot, late of 69, Eaton Square, who died on Aug. 10, at Shulford House, Guildford, was proved on Sept. 4 by Charles George Arbuthnot and Hugh Lyttelton Arbuthnot, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £34,000. The testatrix bequeaths £8000 to each of her sisters, Anne Arbuthnot and Florence Arbuthnot; £5000 to her brother George; £3000 to each of her said brothers Charles George and Hugh Lyttelton; and £1000 to each of her nieces, Mary, Alice, and Ivy Arbuthnot. The residue of her real and

personal estate she leaves to her two sisters, Anne and Florence.

The will (dated June 15, 1885), with two codicils (dated June 15, 1887, and Nov. 26, 1890), of Mr. Robert Milligan Anderson, late of Highwood, North Park, Eltham, Kent, who died on July 24, was proved on Aug. 28 by the Rev. Arthur Anderson, the son, Miss Edith Anderson, the daughter, and Godolphin Plantagenet Hastings, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to his said son, Arthur; £1000, upon trust, for each of his granddaughters, Emily Rose Anderson and Grace Edith Augusta Anderson; £500 each to his son Edward, and his daughters Ellen and Edith; and other legacies. He also leaves £4000, and one fourth of the residue of his real and personal estate, to, or upon trust for, each of his four children, Arthur, Edward, Ellen, and Edith.

The will (dated May 2, 1891) of Mrs. Maria Dixon, late of 4, Elms Road, Clapham Common, who died on July 6, was proved on Aug. 31 by Henry Gould Dixon, the nephew, John Carew, and Benjamin Duke, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for her sisters Agnes Sophia Manners and Julia Manners, for their lives, and upon the death of the survivor of them £500 each to the British Home for Incurables, the Royal Hospital for Incurables, the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, and the Asylum for Idiots (Earlswood); £3000 to her niece, Fanny Bowcott; £1000 each to her friend Emma Fletcher, her nieces Agnes Dixon Carew and Emily Dixon Maugham, and her great-niece, Georgiana Maria Hobson; £500 to the vicar of St. Paul's, Clapham, to be applied at his discretion for the benefit of the poor of that parish; and other legacies. The residue of her personal estate she leaves to her nephew and nieces, Henry Dixon, Fanny Bowcott, Agnes Dixon Carew, and Emily Dixon Maugham.

The will (dated Sept. 29, 1887) of Mr. Edward Elderfield, late of Park House, Hambledon, in the county of Southampton, who died on May 2, was proved on Aug. 29 by Charles Elderfield (the brother) and Francis Arnold, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £15,000. The testator bequeaths £300 to his executor Mr. Arnold; and leaves the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay the income to his brothers, Thomas and Charles; and, on the death of the survivor of them, for Louisa, Fanny, Jacob Hinxman, Ada and Edith (the children of his niece, Mary Courtney) in equal shares.

The will (dated July, 19, 1890) of Mr. Edwin William Cox, late of Pembroke House, Pembroke Road, Clifton, Gloucestershire, who died on Jan. 2, was proved on Aug. 19 by Miss Ellen Stanhope White, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £13,000. The testator gives legacies to servants; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his late wife's niece, the said Ellen Stanhope White.

The will of Mr. Edward Caleb Souper, late of Cayon, 10, Ventnor Villas, West Brighton, who died on July 26, was proved on Aug. 19 by Harry Snow and Arthur Snow, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £13,000.

The will of Mr. William Thomas Shave Daniel, Q.C., formerly Judge of County Courts, late of 51, The Parade, Leamington, who died on June 9, was proved on Aug. 28 by John Vallance, one of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn under a nominal sum.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Who are the anonymous and ungallant M.P.s who are raising a complaint about the visits of ladies to members at the House of Commons? They assert that the unfortunate members are perpetually harassed by surprise visits from constituents' wives, who want to be taken through such parts of the House as the female foot profane is permitted to pass over. These ladies demand to have Mr. Gladstone and other prominent men pointed out; feminine chatter and giggles disturb the solemn atmosphere of public business; and then comes the main point of the indictment—the unasked visitors in bonnets expect to have tea on the terrace offered to them! Poor member! Bazaars have bored him, cricket-clubs aimed at his pocket, chapel-building funds demanded blackmail, local swimming-baths begged of him for prizes, hospitals pleaded for subscriptions, and anxious parents sought an establishment in life for their sons. All this the M.P. has patiently borne—all these forms of extortion and distress the successive Corrupt Practices Acts have left in full swing. But now that it comes to ladies' tea on the terrace occasionally, the milch-cow runs dry. A special Corrupt Practices Act is to be passed, formally forbidding ladies being admitted to the terrace; and this at the very moment when the New Zealand House of Representatives has resolved to admit women as members.

I wonder what they pay for the House of Commons tea. If it is anything like the cost of the tea in the Royal Academy refreshment-room on private view day, no wonder that the members revolt at the expense. The House of Commons tea is good; and there is a special and very agreeable "House of Commons cake" always in cut; and, if the weather be fine, it is pleasant to consume the meal at one of the little tables on the terrace, with the broad stream of Father Thames flowing beneath, not silvery and rippling as he is in his earlier youth, but beautiful still, with the grey stately solemnity of a course nearly finished. Altogether, tea on the terrace makes a most pleasant little rite of hospitality; and I have always thought members were rather to be envied for being able to give so pretty a little party at such slight expense and trouble. Members, I may mention, are not expected to ask gentlemen to these parties; it is a function sacred to our sex. Of course, no lady would go alone unless she were a very near relative of the member; but even two friends can accept an invitation, though parties of four or five are more generally invited.

Professor Tyndall's article in the *Fortnightly*, giving the opinion of Dr. Cornet (supported by some facts) that consumption is highly contagious, will carry doubt and distress to many homes. This idea is not altogether a new one. The populace in some parts of the world have long cherished the belief. When George Sand made her expedition to the isle of Majorca with the composer Chopin, she met with this conviction among the Spanish people, and she received also a striking illustration of the cruelty to which it leads.

"Poor Chopin, who had been coughing ever since we left Paris, became so ill that we had to call in a doctor to him, who pronounced that he was in the last stage of phthisis. The doctor went all round the island saying so, and this produced perfect consternation, consumption being considered contagious in these regions. We found out the egotism, the cowardice, the want of feeling, and the bad nature of the inhabitants. The landlord of the little cottage that we had hired ejected us brutally, and threatened to bring an action against us to compel us to whitewash his house, which he pretended was



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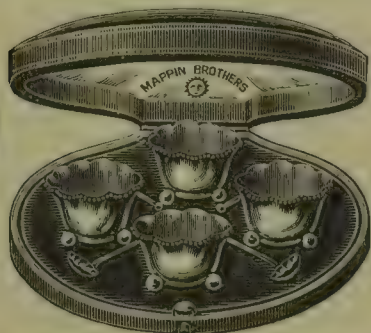
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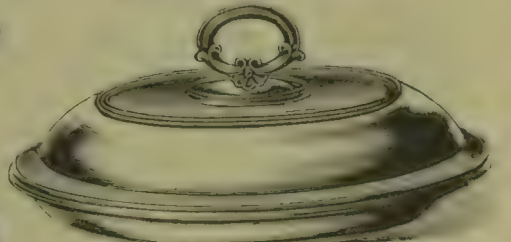
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infected. We were unable to procure servants; nobody cared to wait on a consumptive person. Chopin grew worse daily; and we requested a simple, a first and last service—a conveyance to transport him to Palma, where we should embark. This service was refused, though our friends all had carriages. We were obliged to travel three leagues over dreadful paths in a *birlocho* (that is to say, a wheelbarrow!). Upon reaching Palma, Chopin had a dreadful fit of blood-spitting. As we were leaving our inn at Barcelona, the host demanded payment of the value of the bed in which Chopin had slept, on the pretence that he had infected it, and that the police would require it to be destroyed."

Such are the cruel results of terror about infection. Such they have been seen to be on all occasions of great epidemics. In the case of a long-drawn-out and slowly fatal disease such as consumption, the exaggerated fear of infection will produce results even more deplorable than in a rapid and unmistakable fever. The poor consumptives, who suffer so greatly, and for whom kindly care and tendance are so important—who linger, perhaps, for two or three years after their fatal disease has declared itself—how sad for them if friends fear their disease, and if mercenary selfishness preys on their melancholy state! But though such reflections should make us slow to accept as true uncertain and hasty conclusions about the infectiousness of phthisis, they should not lead us into the ostrich-like folly (so prevalent, alas! about all moral and social difficulties) of hiding our eyes and refusing to face painful truths—if we have full proof.

What, then, shall those of us who have consumption in our houses, or who are called upon to nurse and tend one suffering from that ghastly disease, think about this new theory? The very fact that it is a new idea, scientifically speaking, indicates its uncertainty. If consumption were clearly and highly contagious, the fact would long ago have pressed itself on the notice of the hundreds of thousands of skilled observers of the medical profession who have had such cases under their care. So far from this being certainly and uniformly observed, however, all medical men have known hundreds of cases where one devoted friend has been in attendance constantly for months on an invalid—a wife, perhaps, sleeping nightly beside her slowly dying beloved husband, or a mother with her young daughter—without the disease having attacked the faithful nurse. On the other hand, where a second case of consumption has followed a death in a house, it is almost always possible to find some other reason than actual contagion for the seizure: an hereditary taint, or a violent cold taken while debilitated from grief and over-much confinement in the sick-room. During five years in which I, when a medical student, kept the clinical books at a London consumption hospital (i.e., noted down the cases and wrote the physician's prescriptions from his dictation), we saw, perhaps, a hundred fresh cases each year, and in only one of all those did there seem clear evidence of the disease having been brought about by contagion alone. Hereditary tendency as a cause came first. Then came occupation; those engaged in sedentary employments carried on in close rooms (for example, bakers and dressmakers) being specially attacked.

Let nobody, therefore, leave her consumptive sick one untended, or approach the sufferer with the martyr-like attitude of mind, that assurance of personal danger, which is in itself a predisposition to take disease. On the other hand, let such facts as there are now adduced to show contagiousness lead to caution and wisdom in the domestic nursing of consumption. Let the one who does most of the nursing have plenty of excursions into the fresh air, and sleep in a separate bed from

the sufferer; let needless contact with the patient's breath, or with what is brought up from the diseased lungs, be avoided; and let anybody with an hereditary tendency to consumption be spared, if possible, the task of nursing one already stricken.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF NORTHESK.

The Right Hon. George John Carnegie, ninth Earl of Northesk and Baron Rosehill and Inglismaldie, in the Peerage of Scotland, a Representative Peer, died suddenly, on Sept. 10, at his seat, near Winchester. His lordship was born in December 1843, the only son of William Hopetoun, the eighth earl, by his wife, Georgiana Maria, eldest daughter of Admiral the Honourable Sir George Elliot, K.C.B., brother of the second Earl of Minto. He was sometime a captain and honorary lieutenant-colonel in the Scots Guards, and was a Deputy Lieutenant and a Commissioner of Supply for Forfarshire. In February 1865 his lordship married his cousin, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Admiral Sir George Elliot, K.C.B., and leaves by her three sons and one daughter. His eldest son and successor, David John, Lord Rosehill, now tenth Earl of Northesk, was born Dec. 1, 1865, and is a captain in the 3rd Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment and Aide-de-Camp to the Governor of Victoria. The deceased nobleman's grandfather, the seventh earl, a G.C.B. and Admiral of the Red, highly distinguished himself as third in command at the memorable battle of Trafalgar.

SIR GEORGE ABERCROMBIE ROBINSON, BART.

Sir George Abercrombie Robinson, third baronet, died on Sept. 9, at his residence in Penzance. He was born Sept. 23, 1826, the eldest son of Sir George Best Robinson, Bart., by Louisa, his wife, daughter and co-heiress of Major-Gen. Douglas, of Garlston, and grandson of Sir George Abercrombie Robinson of Batts House, Somerset, M.P., Military Auditor-General in Bengal, and Chairman of the East India Company, on whom the baronetcy was conferred in 1823. The baronet whose decease we record was educated at the R.M.C., Sandhurst, and was major 22nd Regiment, with which he served on the North-West frontier of India 1853 to 1854. He had medal, with clasp. Sir George married, in 1873, Harriet Rose, widow of Lieutenant-General Young, and daughter of Mr. Lawrence Gwynne.

MR. BARNEWALL OF TRIMLESTOWN.

Christopher Patrick Mary Barnewall of Trimlestown, in the county of Meath, and Turvey, in the county of Dublin, *de jure* seventeenth Lord Trimlestown, died on Sept. 10. It is less than two months since his peerage right was heard by the Committee for Privileges, and no doubt remained that on the reassembling of the Lords his claim to vote would have been admitted. He represented the branch of the family descended from the Hon. Patrick Barnewall, second son of Robert, seventh Lord Trimlestown, and became the head of the house at the

death of the late Thomas, sixteenth baron, in 1879. The entailed estates of Trimlestown and Turvey had at that date devolved on Mr. Barnewall, whose death we record. He was elder son of the late Mr. Charles Barnewall of Meadstown, Meath, by Letitia, his wife, daughter of Mr. Gerald Aylmer of Lyons, in the county of Kildare. He never married.

SIR HUGH OWEN OWEN, BART.

Sir Hugh Owen Owen, Bart., of Oriulton, in the county of Pembroke, died on Sept. 5, at Barnes, in his eighty-eighth year. He was the only son of Sir John Owen, first baronet, by his wife, Charlotte, daughter of the Rev. John Philipps. He was a Deputy Lieutenant and a Justice of the Peace for Pembrokeshire, honorary colonel Pembroke Artillery, and lately Militia Aide-de-Camp to the Queen. In politics he was a Liberal. He represented Pembroke District in Parliament from 1826 to 1838, and again from 1861 to 1868, when he was defeated. The deceased baronet married, first, April 12, 1825, Angelina Maria Cecilia, daughter of Sir Charles Gould Morgan, second baronet, and sister of the first Lord Tredegar; and secondly, Oct. 28, 1845, Henrietta Fraser, daughter of Captain the Hon. Edward Rodney, R.N. By his first wife, who died in September 1844, he leaves, with other issue, an eldest son, now Sir Hugh Charles Owen, third baronet, a magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Pembroke, who was born in 1826.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Miss Louise Perceval, at Ealing. The deceased was one of three daughters left by Mr. Spencer Perceval, Prime Minister, who was assassinated by Bellingham within the precincts of the House of Commons on May 11, 1812. The family had continued to reside at Ealing, Miss Perceval dying at the Manor House, at the advanced age of eighty-seven.

Sir John Steel, R.S.A., her Majesty's sculptor for Scotland, at Greenhill Gardens, Edinburgh, at the age of eighty-seven. Born in Aberdeen, he obtained his early education in Edinburgh, and for several years prosecuted his art studies in Rome. His statue of Sir Walter Scott for the Scott Memorial at Edinburgh, the Prince Consort and the Duke of Wellington for the same city, Lord de Saumarez for the hall of Greenwich Hospital, the Marquis of Dalhousie for Calcutta, and Robert Burns for New York are his most noticeable achievements.

His Honour Judge Powell, on Sept. 15. He was born at Gloucester in 1816, was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1847, was made a Q.C. and a Bencher of his Inn in 1863, and Recorder of Wolverhampton in 1864. He sat as M.P. for Gloucester from 1862 to 1865, and was for several years leader of the Oxford Circuit. In 1876 he was elected treasurer of the Middle Temple. He was appointed a County Court Judge in 1884, sitting first at Bradford, and afterwards at Lambeth and Greenwich.

Speaking at the opening of a Church bazaar at Bagillt on Sept. 10, the Bishop of St. Asaph said he was very painfully reminded that that bazaar was to have been opened by one who had now passed away. They had lost a true friend and a devoted son to the Mother Church, and it would be years before they would find one to fill the gap caused by the death of the late Mr. Raikes, which was not only a loss to the diocese of St. Asaph but to the Church of England.



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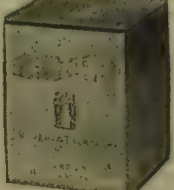
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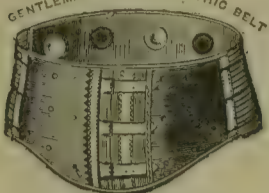
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Yours sincerely
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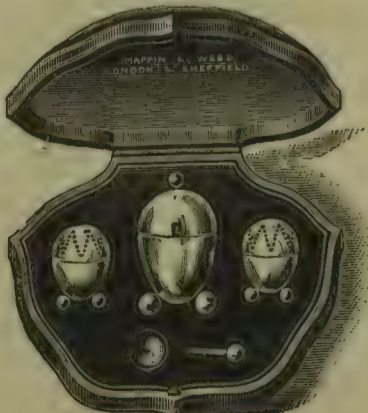
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The reconstructed and vastly improved Lyceum has been handed over by Mr. Henry Irving to his friend Augustin Daly for the opening ceremony. As it was impossible for Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum company to be in two places at once—they are playing a splendid engagement at Islington—it fell to the lot of Mr. Daly, an ever-welcome visitor, to inaugurate the new house. There was really only one way to improve the Lyceum as it ought to be improved, and that was to pull the old house down and build it up again. Then we might have had a theatre worthy of the Lyceum name and associations—a theatre on the pet plan published by Mr. Irving some years ago in a London daily paper. But just now that is not quite feasible. It was only possible to patch up the old playhouse, where some of us have seen Madame Vestris, the early extravaganzas of Planché, the eccentric management of E. T. Smith, and the downward career of Charles Fechter. At last proper arrangements have been made by which the major part of the audience does not descend into the street down that fatal staircase. The occupants of the pit are delighted with their new exit after the play is over; and I have heard more than one lady rejoice over the new electric light arrangements made by Messrs. Gatti, by which they can arrive at their seats without groping their way down sombre and vault-like passages. The corridors of the Lyceum no longer resemble the Catacombs. Lightness and brightness have been substituted for cathedral gloom. Only one thing remains to be done, and that is to arrange the stalls in such a manner that you are not obliged to tread on your neighbours' toes when you come in and go out, and to avoid the necessity of packing people like sardines in a tin. But I presume that can never be so long as the Lyceum is the most popular playhouse in London, and that must be always; so the discomfort will be cheerfully borne until the happy day when Mr. Irving is able to build a new theatre.

Mr. Augustin Daly and his company are no longer strangers. Their faces are all familiar; we recognise them as our own people. Each year they come we seem to like them better. And so the first night of the new Lyceum was a cordial night of welcomes. Who could spare the now memorable quartet? Ada Rehan, the first comedian of her school in the English-speaking world, one of the few living women who understand what comedy is; the very embodiment of nature in its sunny, genial, wholesome spirit; the very antithesis to the diseased and self-conscious heroines of the new comedy. John Drew, never quite sufficiently valued as an actor, to whom youth and fun and good-nature are ever true and constant, came back to us even slighter and more youthful than before. On to his broad shoulders the Charles Mathews mantle of veracity has descended. He is young, I suppose, because he does not understand what it is to grizzle. And with these two had returned the incomparable pair, Mr. James Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert—the one a better and funnier actor than our own Frank Matthews; the other the only old lady with style and refinement that the stage has seen since the best days of Fanny Stirling. Of course such a play as "A Night Off" is unworthy of them. They have proved that sufficiently. But no company that we can call to mind could play it better. It will not do to be

greedy. If we find Ada Rehan and John Drew somewhat in the background, James Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert are very much in the front in this eccentric farce. On the last day of the present week we are to see a new play, and unfortunately it clashes with the revival of "School" at the Garrick. All critical London ought to be at the Lyceum whenever the Daly comedians appear in a new play. As yet no announcement has been made of the revivals of the "Taming of the Shrew," "As You Like It," or "The School for Scandal." We all want to see Ada Rehan's Lady Teazle, particularly now that it is whispered that Miss Rehan does not forget that her ladyship was once, and not so very long ago, a country girl. The majority of our Lady Teazles become fine ladies directly they put on their fine clothes. The only Lady Teazle I can recall who conveyed the idea that the wife of Sir Peter was country-bred was Nelly Moore, a charming little actress once of the Haymarket, who died all too soon. But I suppose such memories are not to be permitted by the vulgar and ill-bred champions of the new school of criticism, who cannot get beyond the pot-house slang of Grub Street and "dictating from the kerb of Fleet Street." Some of them have not got as far as the kerb, but remain in the kennel. There let them lie.

Mr. W. G. Wills, a charming writer and true poet, has given us a new play of mild significance. I don't myself believe that "A Royal Divorce" is the original and inspired work of the author of "Charles the First" and "Eugene Aram." I should say the skeleton of it could be found in a play called "Josephine," by an American amateur dramatist, and that Mr. Wills was commissioned to patch it up and polish it for the stage. He has done his work very fairly well. His decorations are those of an artist, and the play has obtained exactly the success that was expected of it. As the heroine, Miss Grace Hawthorne has advanced in public favour. She always was an earnest and painstaking actress, and, if she does not possess much of the "sacred fire," she is always pleasant whatever she undertakes. Mr. Murray Carson, who plays Napoleon, also deserves artistic recognition. He strikes me as being a young actor of singular promise, who has been extremely well taught, and whose heart is evidently in his work. He has an admirable elocutionary method, and has studied to avoid the slipshod style of the new school. I expect we shall hear much more of Mr. Murray Carson. He is going in the right direction, and, so far, his ambition has been justified.

I might fill this column with anecdotes about Gomersal, the old actor who was the recognised Napoleon in the days of "The Battle of Waterloo," as played at Astley's; but I should be discounting the pleasure which all will receive when they read the "Life and Recollections of E. L. Blanchard," now in the press. Blanchard was never tired of telling us anecdotes of old Gomersal and how he came to act Napoleon, and played the part so often that he firmly believed he was the French hero. Harry Jackson was a far more recent memory. He possessed a wonderful facial resemblance to the "Little Corporal," and used to appear in a sketch at the music-halls made up to the very life.

A succès d'estime was made at the Avenue the other evening with another play without words, called "Yvette," to which full justice was done by Mr. Gaston Mayer, who introduced it to the public. Neither the story nor the music is quite so interesting as in the case of "L'Enfant Prodigue," and there are no very sufficient signs that the general public is enamoured of this kind of entertainment. It was a novelty, but the novelty soon wore off.

AN ARGENTINE HEIRESS IN ENGLAND.

Quita. By Cecil Dunstan. Two vols. (Ward and Downey.)—An original conception of feminine character, in the person of Mariquita or "Quita" Balfour, daughter and heiress of a deceased British emigrant to the Argentine Republic, and of her incurable heart-wreck by the culpable levity of a middle-aged admirer, Mr. Leslie, the brilliant politician, who trifles with this girl's affections, concealing the fact that he has a wife living in a lunatic asylum, gives considerable interest to the story. The sadness of its main subject is relieved, but not agreeably, by the continual exhibition of sordid selfishness and conventional hypocrisy in the behaviour of Quita's aunt and female cousins, Mrs. De Moleyns and her three daughters, Nina, Nesta, and Lulu, who at her first visit to England politely turn the cold shoulder to their lonely relative from South America. As an inexperienced stranger in fashionable society, though with a charming presence, acute perception, and much strength of mind, Quita is left to herself more than she ought to be, and unhappily permits Mr. Leslie's unwarrantable attentions, remaining ignorant of his actual position, which he keeps a secret from the world. She suffers poignantly when undeceived, and returns with a bachelor uncle to the land of her birth. The suddenly increased value of her estate, from the construction of a railway, makes her very rich, and after five years she is again in Europe, now received by the De Moleyns family with mercenary demonstrations of kindness. While staying with Nina, the impecunious widow of the Hon. George Saville, formerly a rejected suitor of Quita's, in an hotel at Cannes, the heroine, resolved never to marry, happens to meet Jack Leslie, her first admirer's son, nearly of her own age, an honest and generous young fellow. He instantly falls in love with her, and she feels that she could have been happy with him, but that his father's treachery, which she will never disclose to Jack, has put a fatal bar in the way of such an engagement. It is a very trying situation, but Jack humbly accepts the part of a faithful friend, and helps Quita in her charitable scheme of building on the sea-coast a convalescent home for poor London boys. There, by a terrible accident, falling over a cliff in rescuing one of the children, Quita breaks her spine and is killed—a tragic ending of the story, which is not, however, oppressively melancholy in its general tenor, and is written in a bright and graceful style.

A movement to hold an international exhibition, or world's fair, in Dublin, is receiving large support. It is maintained that with two full years to prepare—from January next to May 1894—Dublin would have such an exhibition as would excel those of Manchester or Glasgow.

The Bishop of Exeter, who is on his way to Japan, on a visit to his son, Bishop Bickersteth, is expected to return to his diocese at the beginning of next year. Bishop Barry, Canon of Windsor, will act as *locum tenens* for the bishop during the greater part of October and November.

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Joseph Savory, paid a visit to Kendal on Sept. 10, and distributed the prizes gained at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, which was opened by Princess Louise a fortnight earlier. He was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, and by Sir William and Mrs. Farmer and Sir Augustus Harris. At a luncheon given by the Mayor, the Lord Mayor was presented with the honorary freedom of the borough.

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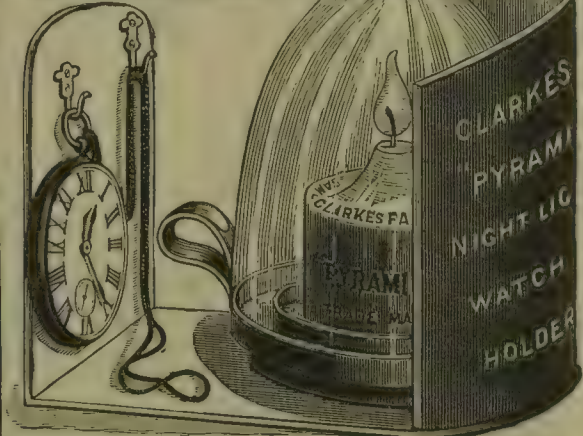
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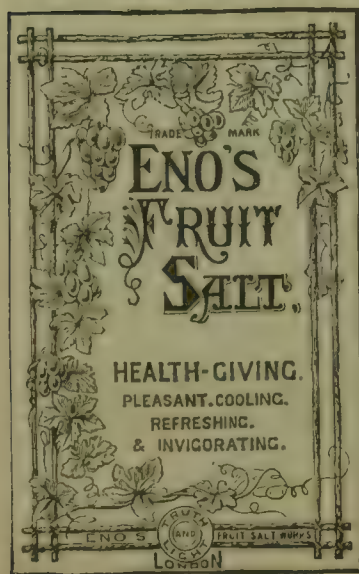
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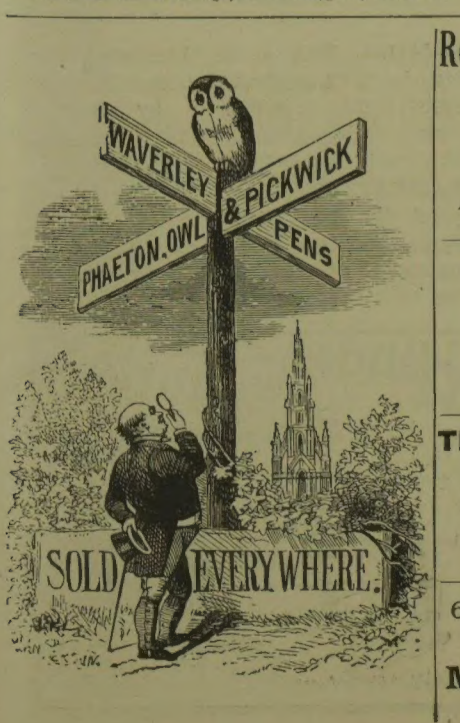
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MARRIAGE.
On Sept. 9, at St. Mary's, Glasgow, by the father of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. R. Howel Brown, rector of the church, Iver Phillips, 5th Gorkha Rifles, second son of the Rev. Sir James Erasmus Phillips of Picton, Bart., Vicar of Warminster, to Marion Isobel (Mabel), youngest daughter of James Buchanan Mirrieles, Esq., of Redlands, Glasgow.

DEATH.
On Sept. 8, Albert Augustus Pollard, Esq., of Belle Rive, Hobart, Tasmania, formerly of Her Majesty's 21st and 45th Regiments, aged 51 years. [By telegram.]
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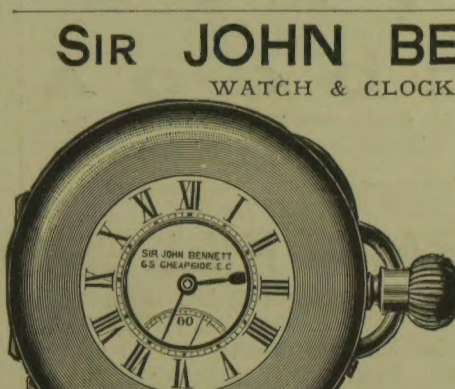

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friends. Jack is much in love with Miss Violet Pierson, the orphan ward of General Carmichael, C.B., while Lucia has an acceptable suitor in Mr. Horace Parkyn, of the Foreign Office; and if Jack can only get hold of the buried gems in Persia, the course of true love in England will evidently run more smooth. He finds a shrewd ally in Mr. Abiram Skinner, an American journalist, who is, for his part, also in love, aspiring to the hand of Sacharissa, daughter and heiress of the rich and rascally Solon Doubleface, of New York, proprietor of that smart society paper, *The Assassin*. After calling on the famous Eastern traveller, "Hadji" Brittles, who gives him useful advice and introductions, Jack takes his passage in a steam-ship for Bushire, in the Persian Gulf, accompanied by Skinner, to search the tomb of the old Jesuit priest. It was quite to be expected that Dr. Wills should make the narrative of their adventures, which seem entirely possible and credible to readers of "The Land of the Lion and Sun," more entertaining than nine-tenths either of the novels or of the travels we are accustomed to peruse. Except the portraiture of the English Protestant clerical missionary, the Rev. William Delver, and Mrs. Delver, whose faults of temper, judgment, and manners are surely caricatured, there is nothing in the richly comical oddities of Persian life, with the broad contrast of different races, habits, and religions—Jewish, Armenian, Mohammedan, and the few agents of the Roman Catholic Church—that does not agree with all we have learnt from the author's "Persia as it is." His abundant vein of humour, indeed, has a strong farcical quality, which is too overpowering in the scenes of English fashionable vulgarity and the ungainly Americanisms of the New Yorkers; but there

is the warrant of actual knowledge for his account of the grotesque ways at Shiraz, and even the grand dinner given by Dr. Meibomius, an Orientalised German, with its wonderful shows and amusements, is not beyond our belief. We may add that Jack Cumberbatch not only finds the hoard of precious stones at Julfa, but also finds a long-lost father, in a high position at Teheran; and all lovers are made happy in London.

The King and Queen of Roumania have left Venice for Pallanza, on Lago Maggiore.

The Right Hon. Spencer Horatio Walpole, Q.C., who was thrice Home Secretary, and is the senior on the list of Queen's Counsel, was eighty-five years of age on Sept. 11.

The reported outbreak of cholera on board her Majesty's ships *Marathon* and *Redbreast* is confirmed, but the Admiral reports that no fresh cases have broken out and the danger seems passing away. There have been sixteen deaths, and there are now twenty-one cases in the hospital ship.

A residence of historical interest has just been sold by auction at the County Hotel, Hamilton. This was *Ulva Cottage*, built by Dr. Livingstone on a site adjoining his father's house, in Burnbank Road. The famous traveller named his cottage after the home of his race, "Ulva's Isle," and he always resided in it upon his periodical visits to his native land. The property was put up at £650, and knocked down at £730. Two sisters of Dr. Livingstone still survive, but both are comparative invalids. They resided at Livingstone's cottage till quite recently, but have now joined their kindred in new homes.

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CIVILIZATION by Soap is only skin-deep directly; but indirectly there is no limit to it.

If we think of soap as a means of cleanliness only, even then **PEARS' SOAP** is a matter of course. It is the only soap that is all soap and nothing but soap—no free fat nor free alkali in it.

But what does cleanliness lead to? It leads to a wholesome body and mind; to clean thoughts; to the habit of health; to manly and womanly beauty.

PEARS' SOAP has to do with the wrinkles of age—we are forming them now. If life is a pleasure, the wrinkles will take a cheerful turn when they come; if a burden, a sad one. The soap that frees us from humors and pimples brings a life of happiness. Wrinkles will come; let us give them the cheerful turn.

Virtue and wisdom and beauty are only the habit of happiness.

Civilization by soap, pure soap, **PEARS' SOAP**, that has no alkali in it—nothing but soap—is more than skin-deep.

Caution to Parents.

THE delicate Skin of Infants and Children is particularly liable to injury from coarse and unrefined Toilet Soap, which is commonly adulterated with the most pernicious ingredients; hence frequently the irritability, redness, and blotchy appearance of the Skin from which many children suffer. It should be remembered that

ARTIFICIALLY COLOURED SOAPS ARE FREQUENTLY POISONOUS,

particularly the Red, Blue, and Green varieties; and nearly all Toilet Soaps contain an excess of Soda. White Soaps, such as "Curd," usually contain much more soda than others, owing to the use of cocoa nut oil, which makes a bad, strongly alkaline Soap, very injurious to the skin, besides leaving a disagreeable odour on it. The serious injury to children resulting from these Soaps often remains unsuspected in spite of Nature's warnings, until the unhealthy and irritable condition of the skin has developed into some unsightly disease, not infrequently baffling the skill of the most eminent Dermatologists.

PEARS' SOAP

is absolutely pure, free from excess of alkali (Soda), and from artificial colouring matter. It is specially recommended for Infants and Children, because it is perfectly pure, and does not irritate their delicate sensitive skin, nor make their little eyes smart. It lasts so long that *it is certainly the CHEAPEST as well as the BEST Toilet Soap.* It makes Children feel comfortable, and hence happy after their bath, and by its use the natural softness and brightness of their complexions are improved and preserved.

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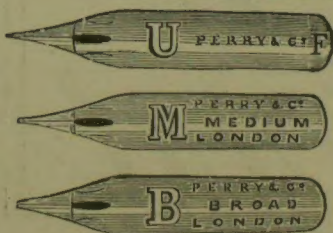
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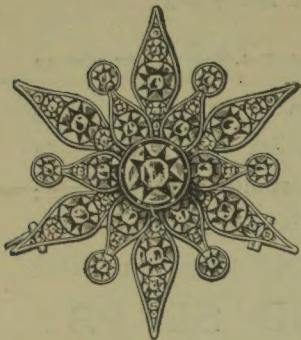
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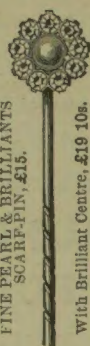
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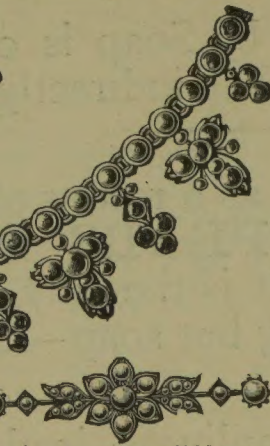
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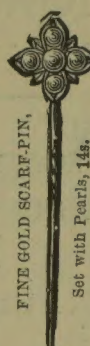
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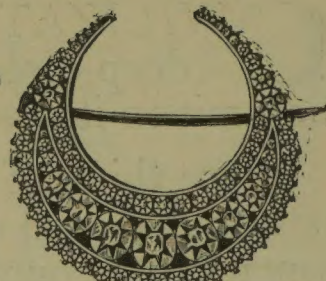
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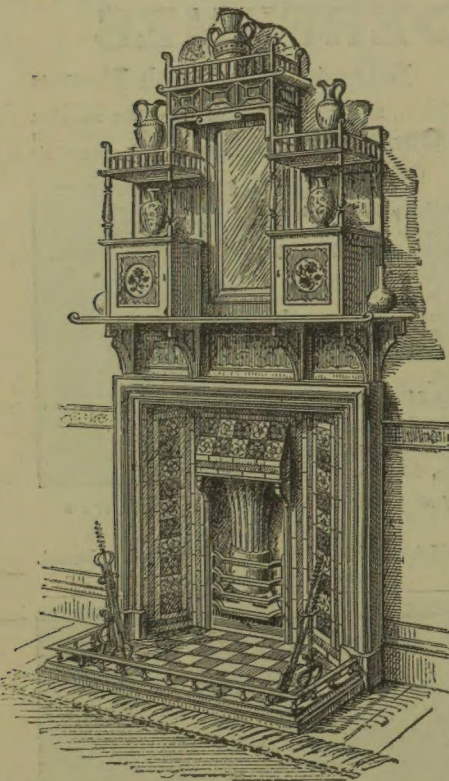
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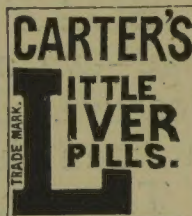
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